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MAY 24, 1922
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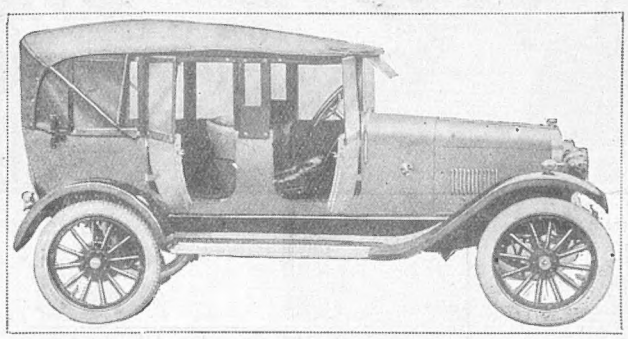

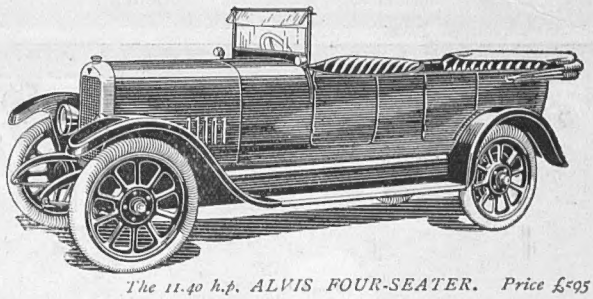

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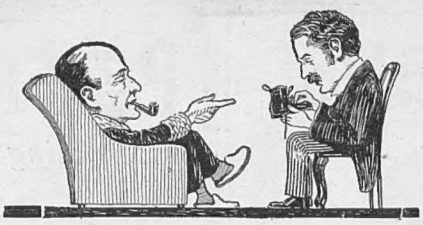

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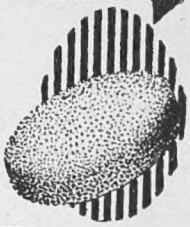

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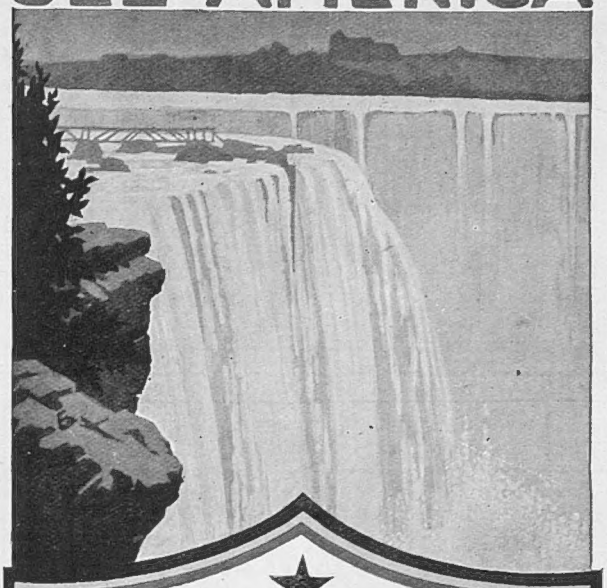

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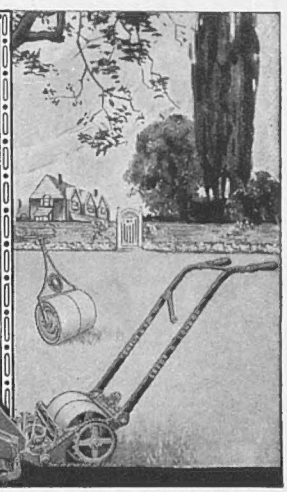

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The Bystander, May 24, 1922 No. 964. Vol. LXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

MAY 24

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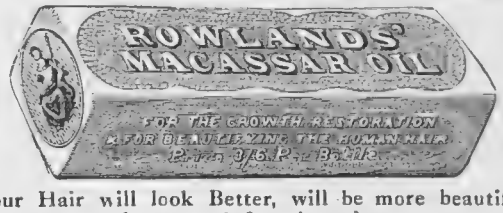

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A Political Boomerang

THE State Minister of New South Wales decided that school children should salute the Union Jack once a week. Whereupon, the Labour Council urged the working-classes to keep their children from school on saluting days until the ceremony was over. And now, of course, the children of the workers look upon the Union Jack as the most splendid thing in the world because it has saved them from a few hours' schooling every week. The Labour Council of New South Wales should look before they leap into a political controversy of this sort.

Hard Luck!

I AM more sorry for Lord Birkenhead than any one I can think of. When I told you a few weeks ago that he had been obliged to cut out his reading and go on a sea voyage for the good of his eyes, I wasn't really so sympathetic as I may have seemed. After all, the advantages of a library can be greatly overrated, while there are no superlatives to which a tour of the Mediterranean in your own yacht cannot lay claim. And now the doctors have told the Lord Chancellor that all his eye-trouble is due to smoking and that he must say a long farewell to those famous long cigars of his! This is a far more serious matter, for, as we know, a novel is only a novel, "but a good cigar is a smoke."

About Doctors

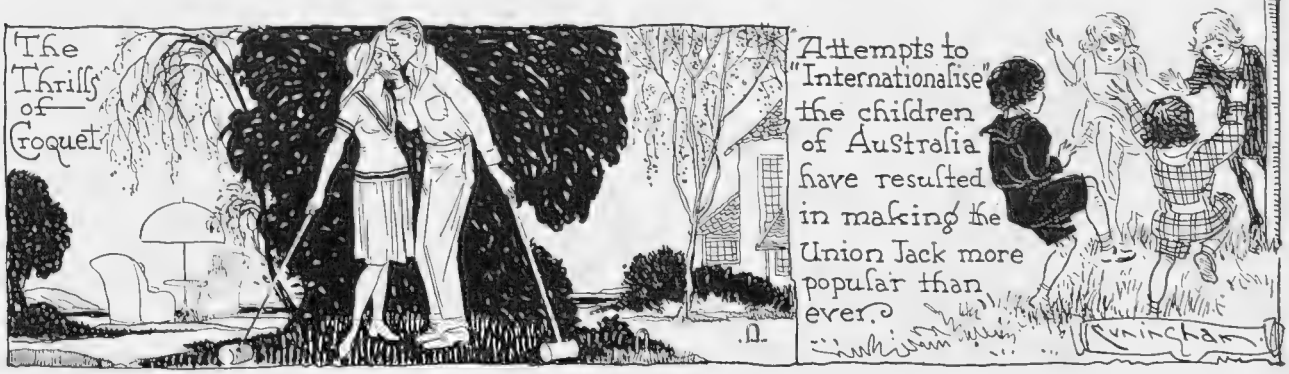
DO you know, I mistrust that doctor who has knocked Lord Birkenhead off his cigars. I feel that he is either a Diehard or a Wee-Free in disguise, wreaking his private vengeance upon a public foe. What a fine way to feed fat the ancient grudge you bear a man! Could any form of revenge be so brutally effective as to knock a man off his cigars? Surely,

Sir Walter Raleigh, dead and turned to clay,
Must turn within his grave upon that day.

Don't you see what a tremendous pull a medical man has got when it comes to getting his own back. He doesn't have to make long speeches on a hot afternoon or hit an opponent on the nose. He just tells you that your sprained ankle is a form of incipient gout, knocks you off your port and leaves you to suffer. If Sir James Barrie annoys his doctor, the latter tells him that he mustn't smoke any more Craven Mixture! The only point being that Sir James, I am sure, wouldn't obey, and I don't believe Lord Birkenhead will, either.

"If Winter Comes"

STRANGE how great minds think alike! I am told that in the next few days at least three songs will make their appearance, based on the title of that tremendous winner, *If Winter Comes*. As the same number have already appeared in America, the lot of the music publisher who has to stock all the various versions is likely to be hard. It may simplify matters if I say that the setting by H. M. Tennant, and published by Ascherbergs, is the one which has the blessing of the author, A. S. M. Hutchison—and he may surely be allowed to have a voice in the matter!



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Buying a Hat

I IMAGINE that those Victorian poets of whom we have been hearing so much just lately would have rubbed their eyes over the successful attempt of Alfred Noyes to extract poetry from such a mundane matter as the purchase of a spring hat. Yet this is the subject of his latest London Poem in the *Sunday Times*, and there is much truth and much beauty in his final stanza :

> Who knows but when the uproar dies,
> And mightier songs are dead and gone,
> Perhaps her laughing face may rise
> Out of the darkness and live on,
> If one, who loves, should read and say,
> This also happened in that day ?

Poems of To-day

AND just to show us that our poetical summer does not consist entirely of the sunshine that dances upon one swallow's wing, the English Association are issuing a second anthology of the works of living British poets. The first series was an extraordinary success under the title *Poems of To-day*, and the coming volume will bring the tale of poets most completely up-to-date. Even A. E. Housman, author of *The Shropshire Lad*, has allowed the Editors to quote from his slender store of masterpieces, a most unusual thing to do, for, as a rule, the anthologist meets with a very firm if courteous refusal in that quarter.

What's in a Name?

THERE is a propriety about names that even their owners cannot control. A correspondent to my Sunday paper asks why the Prime Minister's name is always indexed under "Lloyd George" when he has himself disclaimed the hyphen. Let us assume that the Prime Minister wished to be known as Mr. George, and issued instructions to that effect. Do you imagine that the effort would avail him anything ? Not on your life ! A man may more easily tamper with his Destiny than change the label by which he is known to the world. If people want to be rude to the Premier they refer to him as Mr. George, and although that is his proper name their simple action becomes a splendid impertinence. Very odd !

The Thrills of Croquet

A WRITER on sport in the popular snippety Press, makes the astonishing statement that croquet is the least thrilling of games. Strange how this queer misconception persists ! The most thrilling moment in any game is the one which demands the greatest nerve control—when one is faced with the crisis in cold blood. Take the game of golf. There is nothing very thrilling in a drive from the tee. One warms up a little with the approach shot, but all the thrills of a championship can be packed into the final putt. And the thrill of the golf green is very like the thrill of the croquet lawn—far more tense than those provided by the heated moments of more spectacular sports.

A Modern Problem

WHAT to do with our letters is one of the first-class problems of the day. If we keep them, they may get us into no end of trouble. They provide the link in almost every chain of evidence that has divorced a woman or hanged a man. "Burn them !" you say ? That was my own feeling, until I read that Bernard Quaritch had paid £350 for a Shelley letter at Sotheby's a few days ago, and now I am as undecided as ever. I don't want to be divorced, and I should hate to be hanged, but £350 would be a useful windfall at any time.

By D. L. Gilchik

PUTTING UP THE "BANS"

Postman's Knock

TALKING about letters, I see that a humorist has been drawing comparisons between the post of yesterday and the post of to-day. This gay fellow suggests that in the eighteen-fifties, letters were as welcome as flowers in May (dandelions, to judge from my golf course !) and that the entire family gathered in an optimistic crowd on the door-step to welcome the postman. Nowadays, he suggests, we hide in dark cupboards when we hear the familiar double knock, and dare not go into the passage for fear of being overwhelmed by the avalanche of bills. Like all humorists, he is quite out of touch with the real facts of life. Bills, I am sure, were just as unpopular in the world of crinolines and side-whiskers as they are to-day, while the glamour of the postman's knock will never pass. He may bring us demand notes and income tax papers, but the little pink envelopes will always be sandwiched between these unwelcome visitants and we are willing to take our chance.

> Matilda ! When the postman's knock
> Brings me its dread, diurnal shock,
> My heart but beats the faster ;
> I have no fear of debt or dun
> So long as you, my dearest one,
> Will *camouflage* disaster.

LIGHT-HEARTED NOTES ON THE NEARER APPROACH OF "MARS" By E. T. Reed

The Human Jackdaw

THE lady who found eighty-eight items in her vanity bag must run the average schoolboy very close. She has probably created a record for her sex in keeping a queue of travellers waiting at an Underground ticket office, but I fancy that the average schoolboy, aforesaid, could still give her weight for age and a beating:

. . . . . .
A pen-knife and a piece of string,
A compass and a curtain ring;
A pebble and a plover's egg,
A ruler and a rabbit's leg;
Some sealing-wax—a postage stamp,
The spring of father's reading lamp,
Two chapters of *The Devil's Own*,
Nine pennies and a knuckle-bone—
. . . . . .

Early Strawberries

I *am* relieved. Strawberries are now on sale and can be bought at the nominal figure of five shillings a pound. So much better, don't you think, to sit by a cosy fire and eat them with a hot cup of Bovril, than to wait a week or two, and be put to the trouble of picking them yourself from the bed under the old brick wall in the kitchen garden? So much better than lounging on the shady corner of the tennis court with pecks of strawberries and pints of cream at your elbow! Oh, much better!

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Their Majesties and the Press

THE stage, as it always does, came most gallantly to the help of the Press last week at the new Drury Lane, when all the great and the talented in the theatrical world gave a matinée in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. The King and Queen, who were accompanied by the Duke of York and Lady Patricia Ramsay, showed their interest in the Press and its great charity by attending the performance. Their reception was tremendous both inside and outside the theatre.

It was the King's first public appearance after that profoundly touching speech at Terlincthun and people were glad to cheer just to show his Majesty what they thought of his moving words.

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN JAPAN—NOT MAIDENHEAD

A snapshot of H.R.H. on the lake at Hama Palace, Tokyo, indulging in a little leisurely punting. The Prince probably enjoyed his sojourn in the Japanese capital more than at any other place at which he stopped on his tour. Japan's reception to the son of the King-Emperor was ecstatic, inspiring

Photograph *Yevonde*

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF LORD VICTOR PAGET

Lady Victor Paget, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Colebrooke, was married recently at Marylebone Register Office to Lord Victor Paget, son of the late Lord Alexander Paget, and of Lady Alexander Paget, and heir presumptive to the Marquess of Anglesey. They spent their honeymoon at Trent Park, New Barnet, which was lent by Sir Phillip Sassoon

A "Charity" Season

WELL, notwithstanding Genoa, Russia, and the British elementary school-teacher the season is really beginning to show some signs of flowering—like the lilacs in the Park.

Quite a number of really reputable people have announced dances for their daughters, and a considerable number of people who have got rid of their country properties, with their incident burdens and taxation, have taken houses in London for the season. In three mornings' announcements of such arrivals I counted no less than eleven people who, to my knowledge, have got rid of their territorial acres—one really ought to say, territorial *incubi*. Of course, there are heaps more.

But one thing strikes me about this season, and that is the endless announcements of future charity entertainments in the newspapers, the piles of appeals one gets to take tickets for concerts, *thés dansants*, dances, etc., all for charity.

It seems to me that if it weren't for these charity entertainments half the world would sit at home for more than half the week with only the knitting of jumpers, patience, and reflections upon their past to occupy them.

Kindly Time

THOUGHTS upon the past, as we know, can lead to books of reminiscence best left unwritten. So perhaps the rush and squash of charity entertainments has kept the veil lowered upon many a hectic past. Time makes so many people respectable. Here is an example.

In my early youth there was a dame of quality in the neighbourhood whom nobody knew. She was a Duke's daughter married to a county magnate, one of the landowners who had been there "since ever." One fine day she ran away to London to join a dashing, handsome Guardsman.

Actually, whilst she was driving from the house to the station, her husband was killed by a fall from his horse. She and the handsome, dashing

Guardsman read the news in the evening paper in London whilst they were dining before taking the night train for Paris. There were no motors in those days. She was forced to take the only train, and arrived at the house at six o'clock the next morning.

Her one thought was the letter she had left on her husband's dressing-table. It had gone. She dared make no enquiries.

There was an inquest. The wife's letter was read out in open court by the Coroner!

It had been given to the police by the wife's maid, who detested her, and suspected the elopement.

You can imagine the sensation. At first they suggested the husband had committed suicide because of his wife's elopement, and, although the time of her leaving the letter and the time of the accident disproved this, the suggestion clung to her name for years.

Her husband had left her everything he possessed. But in one half-hour she had lost her reputation.

The odd part of the story is that she refused to marry the handsome Guardsman, and went on living in the big house, shunned and ostracised by her neighbours. Gradually people forgot. A new generation came along; new people came into the neighbourhood. When that Duke's daughter died two years ago she was the most popular and loved person in the countryside.

I have a vivid, childish recollection of the female members of my family looking stonily ahead when our old barouche-landau, with its two fat horses, lumbered past the double dog-cart which her ladyship was wont to drive herself. Even the backs of the coachman and the footman used to stiffen. Yet, when all was said and done, the poor lady had only partially eloped. She hadn't taken the irretrievable step. However, she sat tight, and came into her own in the end.

The handsome, dashing Guardsman died in France. He was given the option of a prosecution for cheating at cards or perpetual exile. He took the exile.

What a novel this story would make. I've often wondered what would have been the fate of that Duke's daughter if she had gone to Paris with the Guardsman, and if her husband had not been killed just in the nick of time to save her. Seeing what the Guardsman turned out to

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

The Hon. W. J. L. Palmer, the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Loder, the daughter of Mr. Gerald and Lady Louise Loder, after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Photograph *I. B.*

THEIR MAJESTIES AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

The King and Queen honoured Drury Lane by attending the special matinée in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund, the programme of which contained the names of some of our greatest contemporary actors and actresses, and those whom you did not see on the stage officiated as programme sellers. In the Royal Box can be seen: The Queen, the Duke of York, the King, the Hon. Harry Stonor, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Earl of Bradford and Lady Elizabeth Dawson

be, the other history would have been a tragedy.

Noble Earls, Ltd.

THE Government seems to be getting annoyed with landowners who are turning their estates into limited liability companies. The Warwick estates were formed into a company many years ago, the first estate, I believe, to take refuge under the Limited Liabilities Companies' Act. But that was not quite on the same lines as more recent developments, such as the Howard de Walden Estates, Ltd., and now, latest of all, the Plymouth Estates, Ltd., with the Earl of Plymouth and his heir, Lord Windsor, as directors.

But what are owners of big estates

Photograph *Central News*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Captain James Murray, the son of Sir James and Lady Murray, of Glenburnie Park, Aberdeen, and Miss Marjorie Gorham Gee, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gorham Gee, of Leicester, after their marriage at St. John's, the Baptist Church, Leicester

to do? The individual owner is swamped by income tax and super-income tax. When he has paid the Government and local claims there is precious little, if anything, left for upkeep. It means, too—as in the case of Lord Linlithgow, of which I told you a little time ago—closing houses and throwing numbers of men out of employment.

You turn your estate into a company with shares allotted according to law amongst the members of your family. Thus you avoid the super-tax. Then, when you die, death duties are only payable on the shares you hold in the company. For example, if your estate were worth £100,000, your heir would have to pay £14,000, but if you had made your estate into a company the death duties would not come to much more than £3,000.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is boggling at this growing plan, and talks of legislation being introduced to stop "various devices being adopted to avoid the intention of the law."

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MARKING THEIR CARDS at the YORK RACES

The Earl of Scarborough, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles and Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles watching the numbers go up at the York races last week

But if you are going to introduce legislation to prevent the private owners of land from turning their property into a limited liability company, in justice that legislation must apply to the private owners of anything. The Companies' Act is the Companies' Act by law established. You can't penalise one form of ownership.

If my father or your father had invented a pill—and don't we both wish he had—and, dying, had left us the pill factory, would the Chancellor of the Exchequer talk about "various devices" if we made that pill industry into a company? What is the difference in point of possession between the Plymouth and the Howard de Walden estates and your and my—alas! hypothetical—pill factory?

You can turn anything into a company. Why should land be excepted? If I had an estate I would turn it into a company to-morrow. It's the only way of carrying on, of keeping your people in employment, keeping your property from the hammer, and preserving their home for your children.

Of course, it is annoying for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to find that the one thing penalised by every Government—land—is escaping the systematically increasing pressure, but legislation to prevent estate owners turning their property into limited liability companies would be the next-door neighbour to Bolshevism.

Photograph *Etienne*

A ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BIARRITZ

Prince Pierre d'Oldenbourg, a late brother-in-law of the Czar Nicholas II, with Mme. Olga Serabriakoff, his bride. Prince Pierre was divorced from Princess Olga, the late Czar's youngest sister. The marriage took place at the Russian Church at Biarritz, the best man was the bridegroom's father, Prince Alexander, and Countess Solsky was the "mère d'honneur." Princess Frederick was also present at the wedding

Big Barks in the Dog World

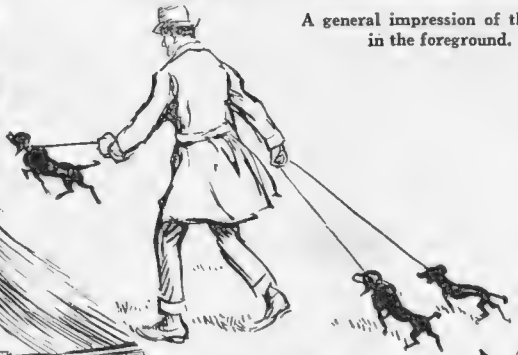
THE LADIES' KENNEL SHOW AT RICHMOND

Leading him into the Show Ring

Prize-winners—and a real winner

A general impression of the Kennel Show, with a proud exhibitor in the foreground.

"I'm going to do my best"



The Poodles didn't like the rainy weather

The Spaniels didn't like waiting

Taking him home—a good second

BY LOUIS MALTESTE

These impressions of the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra and the Presidency of Princess Helena Victoria, were gathered last week in Richmond Old Deer Park, where the meeting was held, and the King, though he just missed the championship, won four firsts and several special prizes with a brace of his Labrador retrievers. The dog championship of the year went to Mrs. Quintin Dick's Banchory Bolo

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

Returning to Grace

APROPOS of my remarks last week on the slackness of men in wearing evening clothes at theatres, I saw a notice in a club, which rather prides itself on its exclusiveness, the other day, mildly suggesting that evening dress should be worn in the strangers' dining-room. It was not a direction, only a suggestion, and a mild one at that. But it is a step in the right direction, and may be taken as a sign of returning grace.

On Sundays, too, I notice in the Park half a dozen tall hats and morning coats where there only used to be one, and their wearers are generally young men who a couple of years ago scoffed at the garb as rather Victorian. A woman friend of mine says the tall hat and morning coat are creeping back on the wings of vanity, since even the plainest man looks well in them, and if you are an Apollo or a Hercules they make you look better still.

I think there is more than a sprinkling of truth in what the lady says.

"Little Willie" on Himself

I WONDER why Royalties who have come in for unfavourable public discussion, and who write their version of affairs for the public, always adopt the same tone? The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony and Countess Larisch, according to their own showing, were woolly lambs of domestic sweetness and light. You will find precisely the same tone in *The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany* (Thornton Butterworth). According to his own opinion of himself he is a model of all the virtues, and you are left with the impression that if the young man had been admitted into the counsels of his father his superior wisdom would have saved all, and set Germany on a lofty pedestal.

The average mortal would think it lacking in good taste and breeding to write of his father as the younger Wilhelm writes about the elder. But whoever expected either good taste or breeding from a Hohenzollern?

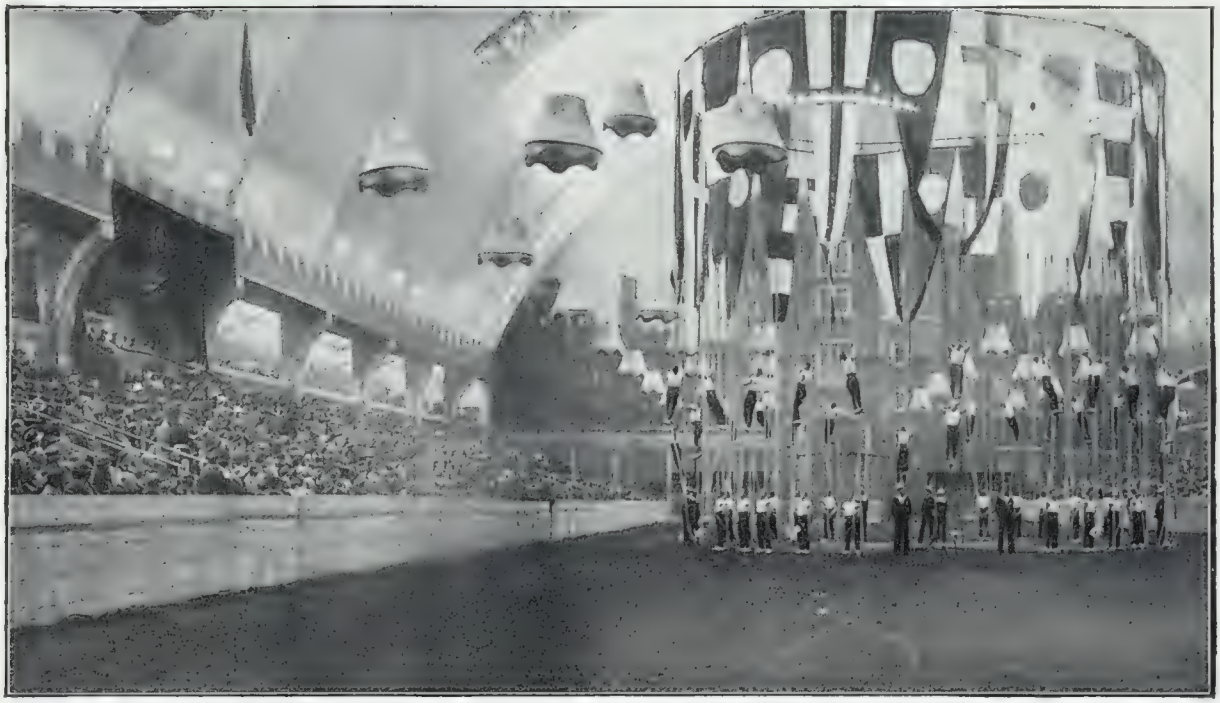
There is no manner of doubt that at the Armistice both the ex-Kaiser and his son were afraid, deadly afraid, of their own soldiers. Of course, it is not admitted, but reading between the lines it is very apparent. This is a neat way of stating an ugly fact: "On November 10 the Crown Prince betook himself to the front, viz., to Third Army headquarters, in order not to come prematurely into contact with various signs of demoralisation." The "prematurely into contact" is priceless.

We are told that the ex-Crown Prince followed his father into Holland lest he should become the cause of civil war in Germany! As for the cause of the War, he doesn't seem to be quite certain, unless he is suppressing damaging facts. His admiration of King Edward VII is fulsome. I wonder if he ever heard the late King's dictum on the ex-Kaiser, "My nephew, the German Emperor, is not a gentleman." The same thing can be said with equal justice of the author of these *Memoirs*, which will not change the opinion of the outer world concerning the ex-Crown Prince, whatever effect they may have as propaganda in Germany—the object, I imagine, with which they were written.

By Victor Hicks

ARE YOU A READER WITH A FERTILE BRAIN?

If you are, turn to page 492



Photograph **A LIVING COBWEB OF NAVAL BOYS AT OLYMPIA** *Central News*

The Royal Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia this year comprises a most entertaining programme of spectacular and competitive events, and at the Royal opening last week Their Majesties were so interested in the naval side of the display that, although they were due to leave Olympia at a certain hour for Aldershot, they postponed their departure in order to watch the finish of the many events

Just "Lip"!

BY WILMOT LUNT

IRATE PARENT: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"
YOUNG SUITOR: "Not necessary, sir. I've just learnt"

BY VICTOR HICKS

?

A prize of Five Guineas is offered for the best title to this picture. *Full particulars on page ii*

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD.

My Dear Boy,

I was but mildly thrilled to hear that you have been reading the "Indiscretions" of the world's most indefatigable autobiographist. It is no doubt an entertaining book, but it seems to me that a young man in Paris might choose his light literature with a little more reference to the place he is in. *La Vie Parisienne* would provide you with much the same sort of material, and has the advantage of being written in pure Parisian, a language with which you cannot be too familiar. I know that you speak it with tolerable fluency already, but I would have you such a master of it that you were equally at home with a bibulous *cocher* from Menil-montant, or in those delightful old-world *salons* of the Faubourg-St. Germain—such as are left of them—to which you are fortunate, indeed, in having the *entrée*.

However, "Indiscretions" is certainly an interesting book. Of all forms of literature autobiography can be the most entertaining—providing its publication be long enough delayed. Good memoirs, like good wine, need a certain time to mature. Brought to table too soon they are apt to displease by their rawness. I have often been approached to put down my own recollections. If I am ever persuaded to do so it will be on the understanding that they do not see the light for, say, another fifty years. I am afraid that if I were to reveal immediately all that I might be inclined to the foundations of Society might be too severely shaken. But what would be catastrophic to-morrow would be delightful half a century hence. There is nothing on which Time exerts such an improving effect as an indiscretion. For example, the peccadilloes of an ancestress only serve to enhance the charm of her memory. The greater her escapades, the more the rogue appeals to one. Should one read that her husband took such affairs in bad part, one is amazed at the poor man's lack of proportion and sense of humour. There is nobody so absurd as the husband whose misfortunes have been handed down beyond his time.

But the aspect changes the nearer it approaches our own day. If, for instance, a man's aunt has recently been through the divorce court, he does not boast of the fact. He does not point to her portrait, and say with pride, "This, you know, is the famous and wayward Mrs. Toolightly." Though he may be in no sense shocked, he at any rate shows a proper reserve. It needs the *patina* of Time to gloss over such affairs and give them their right value—shall we say as works of art? Such matters to be amusing must be strictly impersonal, and in a man's own family this point of view cannot be attained unless he go back at the very least to his grandfather's day. A grandmother romantic because of her youthful skittishness is just possible, but that is as near as the relation can be. In short, a pretty rogue in red-heeled shoes may be a precious heirloom, but a rogue in a tailor-made skirt—be she never so charming—may be a sad embarrassment.

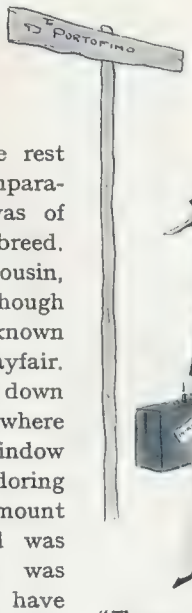
"A pretty rogue in red-heeled shoes may be a precious heirloom"

LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON (*continued*)

You will see, therefore, that I am not likely to provide to-day's public with any sensations. By the time my own amusements, and the indiscretions of my friends, are revealed the hand of Time will have done more to make us amiable and pleasing than anything we could do for ourselves.

You will perceive more clearly what I mean if I give you an example. The other day, I noticed, the lady whose book we have been discussing wrote in the latest chapter of her self-revelations:

"A gipsy woman to whom I once gave a sovereign told me that not only was I most beautiful, and had lovely ankles, but that whatever age I reached I should always be capable of inspiring love. This was all quite true, and I knew it already. It has always applied to the whole of the O'Strewth family. My Aunt Lavinia, when she was seventy-nine, eloped with the under-footman and went off to Portofino, where they were much beloved by the simple Italian fishermen. For twenty years they lived in the greatest possible happiness, and such was the grief of my Aunt Lavinia at her companion's death that she was with difficulty restrained from transferring her affections elsewhere. However, we managed to bring her home, and she passed the rest of her days in comparative quiet. She was of the true O'Strewth breed.



"Then my cousin, Reggie O'Strewth, though past eighty, was known as the Terror of Mayfair. He could not walk down Curzon Street or anywhere else without every window being occupied by adoring housemaids. The amount of love he inspired was terrific, and there was talk of a petition to have him removed from the neighbourhood, his presence being so devastating.

"He died rather younger than most of the O'Strewths, but this was not really his fault. Just after his ninetieth birthday he was playing golf with a forward young flapper, one of his admirers. Half way round the course she proposed they should drop their clubs and race home to the last hole. Reginald, of course, was winning easily, but when taking the last bunker in his stride he tripped and broke his neck. He had often won the Grand National in his younger days, and it was ironic indeed—and yet very fitting—that he should lose his life in such fashion. He also was a true O'Strewth."

Now, all this would be vastly interesting, say half a century hence. Everybody might then believe it, and Lavinia and Reginald would stand out in the proportions wished by their diarist. But I, who knew them both, remember Lavinia as one who inspired dismay rather than love. The poor footman in the case was a weak-minded fellow. Moreover, there was something to be said for his weakness, as when he was kidnapped he left behind the usual kind of wife and five children. As for that astonishing buck, Reginald, he was for years before his demise a senile old dodderer, whose habits caused much annoyance at his club.

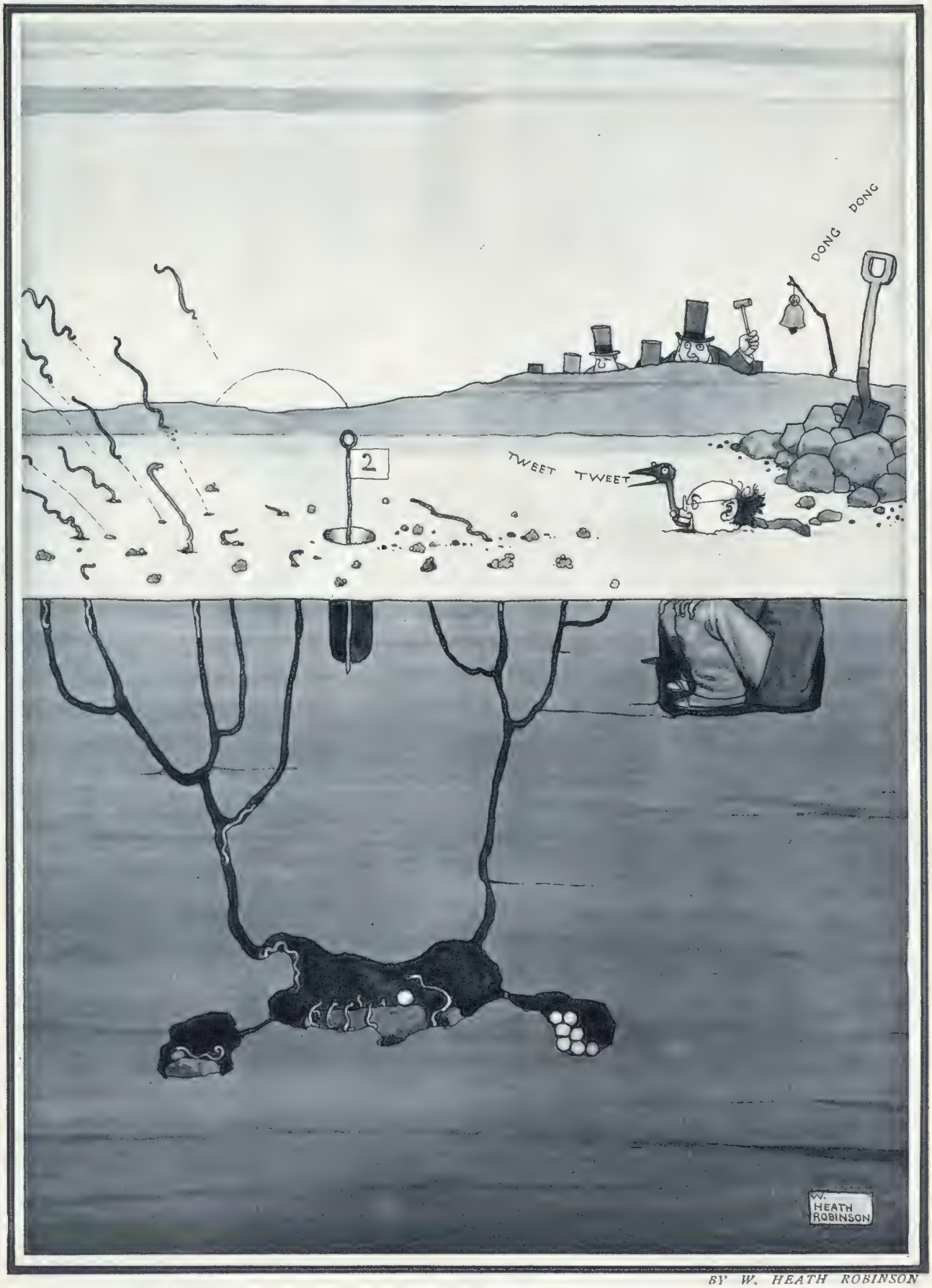
"The poor footman in the case was a weak-minded fellow"

"Should one read that her husband took such affairs in bad part"

Here, then, is a case where family history should have been allowed to mature. To our descendants Lavinia and Reginald would seem astonishing figures, romantic as Abélard and Hêloïse, and with more reason. But we who knew them know that their legendary exploits are but the product of family pride—an excellent quality indeed, but best kept inside the family circle. But a scandal, if kept long enough, becomes a romance, and fifty years of reticence transforms patchouli into lavender. Never forget this, should the Devil ever tempt you to turn Diarist.

JESTERFIELD.

"Birding" the Worms



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An intelligent green keeper at 2 a.m., disguised as an early bird, scaring worms from a golfing green

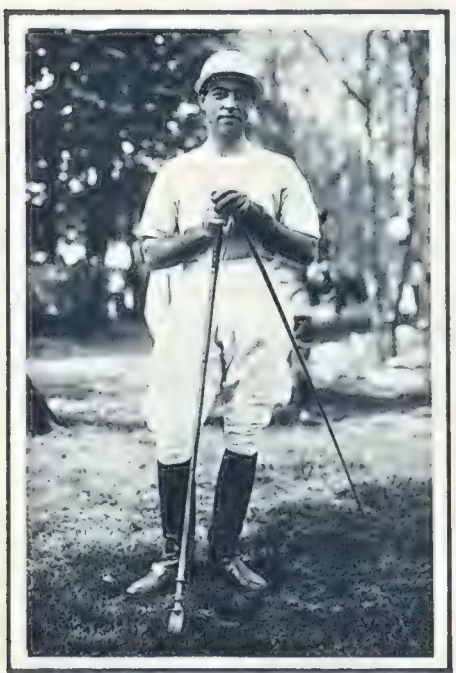
Polo Personalities at Ranelagh and Roehampton

Photo G.P.U.

SPECTATORS AT RANELAGH

Photograph Sport and General

AT RANELAGH



Photographs Illustrations

SAVED ON THE POST

An exciting incident at Roehampton in the match between the Argentine Polo Federation and the Freebooters, when the Argentine back made a fine clear after the Freebooters had nearly scored. The game resulted in a decisive win for our Argentine visitors. On the right are Major G. Kirkwood and Lord Wimborne, whose Quidnuncs had an excellent game, despite the score, against Major Harold Pearson's Cowdray Park team, winning by eleven goals to six

Photographs W. A. Rouch

MR. J. MILES—ARGENTINE'S No. 1

THE COWLEY MANOR TEAM

Mr. J. Miles is one of the Argentine polo team's most useful men, and it was his stick from which most of the goals were scored in their victory over the Freebooters. The Cowley Manor people had an easy win over a Roehampton team by nine goals to a meagre four. From left to right: Sir. E. B. Horlick (back), Mr. D. B. Daly, Lord Blandford and Mr. W. Filmer Sankey

The Errant Golfer

No. 8 at Bude (a reflection)

By Deff Leigh

Illustrations by Oswald Cuningham

THE rain stings the club windows. The mud in Piccadilly is of the consistency of porridge. A hint of fog rises from the Green Park. They are *not* going to reduce the Income Tax, apparently. Must get out of this. H'm. But where? . . . Bude? Wasn't that the place where you took £2 off poor old Scratchback in '14? Motored over from Westward Ho! . . . Of course. Got some bunkers there called The Himalayas. And very nice, too. . . . *Nisbet's Golf Year Book* slides from chair to ground. Cornish Riviera: wore flannels down in that part once at Christmas; tropical plants grow in the front gardens; no drink restrictions, Duchy of Cornwall; half Cornish myself, too. Yes.

"Waiter, get me a Bradshaw, will you?" . . .

The train fusses uphill out of Okehampton. Miles uphill. Suddenly, as film on screen, spreads the sweeping patchwork panorama of Cornwall to the right, the morose crags of Dartmoor to left. Racing clouds trail a grey cloak of shadow across sun-splashed meadows.

M'ff: m'ff: topping fine air blowing off the Moor. Feel a different man already. And there is that new jigger in the bag, of Lockwood Brown's; peach of a club; just what you want for some of those blind holes. Good egg, this, altogether. Be hanged if you'll go to the best hotel. Nodamfear. Know a better 'ole than that, further down, cheaper; cabman knows.

But the sheets were not damp. They were wet. And the place was like a mausoleum—ugh! Rooms of course. That's the thing. Roaring fire of your own. Leave your boot trees lying about the sitting-room nice and handy. Needn't dress for dinner. Simple life. . . .

"No, sir, we're spring-cleaning. Afraid not, sir. Oh, we're full *then* until October. You might try Mrs. Prelose at No. 17; I believe she's done her cleaning."

She hadn't, and sniffed.

Dash it, the entire place is being spring-cleaned. Perfect epidemic. Why should it be a three weeks' job, either? Wash the paint; beat the carpets; hang fresh curtains; couple of days, small houses like these. Women are queer; ludicrous.

"The entire place is being spring cleaned"

. Marshall, the courteous club steward, remembers you ('strordinry) and recommends one close by. A charming woman.

"I'm not really ready yet, sir—but if you don't *mind*. . . ."

You wake next morning at the gates of Elysium. Propped up in bed you see the sombre Atlantic beyond the vivid green of the 17th hole, lying flat, like milk, with little hummocks of whipped cream about her edges. To the left from a neighbouring chimney a stately pillar of smoke climbs lazily and hangs, like *tête de nègre* lace, on the turquoise gown of the sky. To the right the orange flag of the 18th is asleep against its pole, with a background of red roofs. Larks trill to you beckoningly. At breakfast, wading into lations of Cornish cream, you can see the Early Bird scraping thoughtfully at the worm casts on the first tee with the head of his driver. This is VERY GOOD. Sort of thing you think about in the City and South London Tube.

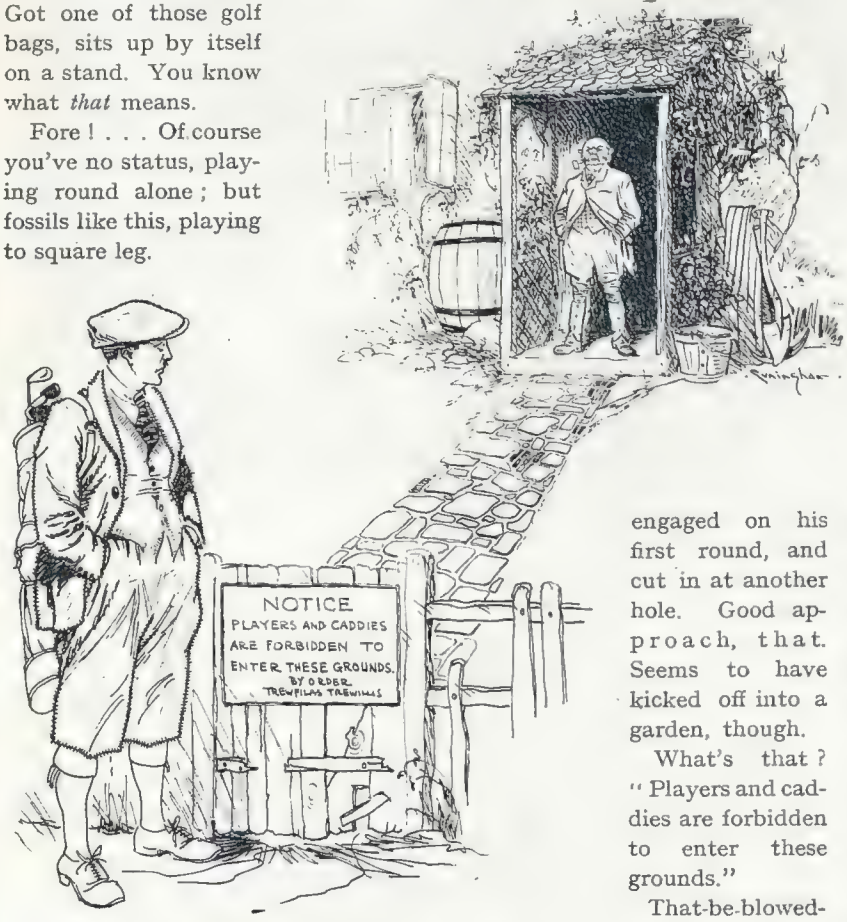
You play round alone, testing things, re-memorising the distances. You play an exceedingly good game. Lor', what a mercy not to be pressed; and have to wait about on the tees. Course all to yourself. Perfect. All very well for the Committee at St. Benedict's to say you are 5. Very nice for competition purposes, and all that; but—well, about 3 this morning,

"THE ERRANT GOLFER" (*concluded*)

down to, say, a stroke above scratch.

Hullo! queer-looking old bird with beard on skyline. Seems to have taken half his clothes off. Got one of those golf bags, sits up by itself on a stand. You know what *that* means.

Fore! . . . Of course you've no status, playing round alone; but fossils like this, playing to square leg.



"Gallant sportsman. Sells 'em in the town, you suppose"

You hit a tigerish drive, and follow it leisurely, humming a tune.

"Don't you dare to drive into *me*, sir! I don't care if I have played 14. I've every mind to play 40, if I choose; and my opponent, Mr. Goldvesta, too."

He points the camera-stand with shaking hand towards a decrepit-looking individual who is flogging the sand savagely in a bunker, making mouths the while.

"Played on this course before you were born, sir!"

You inquire acidly if he is still engaged on his first round, and cut in at another hole. Good approach, that. Seems to have kicked off into a garden, though.

What's that? "Players and caddies are forbidden to enter these grounds."

That-be-blowed-for-a-tale. Bran' new ball!

But the gate is locked, and there is a forbidding-looking gentleman regarding you quietly from his porch.

Gallant sportsman. Sells 'em in the town, you suppose. . . .

Two and a half rounds of perfect golf; a first-class novel after dinner; bed. The next day inferno. A zinc sky; bottom fallen out of glass; a howling gale; driving rain; impossible to stand still on the tees.

And the next. And the next. And the next. And again the next only more so. No good telling you this is unheard-of weather; "unprecedented"; such a state of things never been known before, not within memory of oldest inhabitant. Drat the old fool, senile, got a memory like a sieve probably. They all say, and keep on saying, that it *should* be "like mid-summer," this time of year. You know that. BUT IT ISN'T!

Will nothing stop this infernal gate rattling these gimcrack windows?

And the golf is so extraordinarily good, too. When you can play it.

You begin to loathe the sight of three pairs of golf shoes in trees against the wall. Probably clear at the week-end, though. Must, surely? Three rounds on Sunday. Go back to town on Monday; sleep in the train all the way up.

You go and get your hair cut; it doesn't want it.

"Eh? No Sunday play? But, damitall, what does one do here on a Sunday?"

The barber looks demurely towards the church on the hill. It has a cracked bell.

"Anything on the hair, sir?"

You will go up on Sunday. Through carriage to Waterloo. All the Sunday papers. Special dinner at club; half bottle of the Sandeman port; roasting fire in smoking-room after; *La Vie Parisienne*. Yes, may as well. Sick of this. Better go and order a cab, though.

"*What?* No Sunday trains? But, I say, look here . . . Well, I'm ————."

D. L.

Photograph *Central Press*

THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT SANDWICH

Miss Bastin, playing for England, on the Prince's Course at Sandwich, whose team won the Championship easily, beating Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, each by eight matches to one

Fitting Out

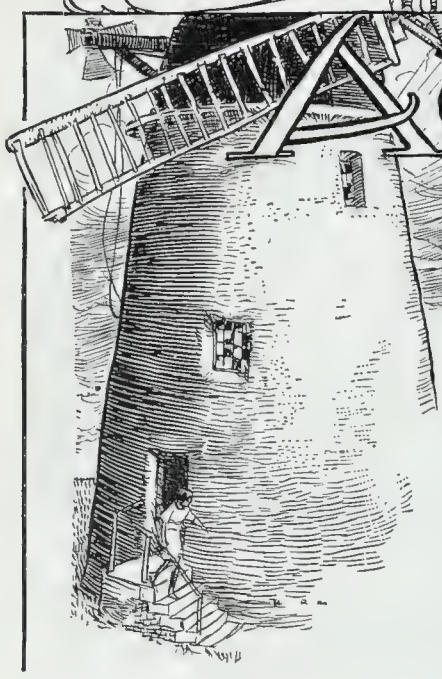
BY FRANK H. MASON

There is not a yachtsman in the land who does not feel a thrill of pleasure when fitting-out time comes round again, nor is there any task more congenial to him than that of waking his boat up from her long winter sleep, and getting her in readiness to spread her wings for the opening cruise of the season. Our artist has here given a typical illustration of what is now happening all over the Kingdom wherever there are boats to sail and waters to sail them in

Femina

A Converted Windmill

BY MRS. M. VINCE



CONVERTING houses is a business that has gone on very profitably in London since the end of the War—the turning of one large house into five or six more or less comfortable flats. But the converting of houses in the country was going on long before the War made this conversion on a large scale necessary in London. In the country, however, the process was reversed. There it was the business not of dividing up large houses, but of uniting small cottages. I know of one case of a man who made himself a house out of three cottages, turning the middle one into a great square hall, with the upper floor taken entirely away.

OF country conversions I have seen none more attractive than a converted windmill on the Downs, which I visited the other day. A windmill would not be everyone's choice. One must like the wind. To lie awake in a house on the top of the Downs when a south-west gale is blowing in from the sea is a little like being on board ship. But there is this advantage of having a house right on the top. The house itself catches every wind, but as soon as you go out, whatever wind is blowing, you can go downhill into shelter at once.

ON each floor of this windmill there was one room. The ground-floor was a large and delightful place, half sitting-room, half library. It was large enough to need a stove as well as its open fireplace, and even without the wind it made one think of a ship's cabin. Its low ceiling was of huge polished rafters, and bookshelves were built round its curved walls.

ONE went upstairs by the original ladders of the mill, their steps deeply worn by the feet of many generations of millers. They had not been altered, except that they were curtained off from the rooms. That is another thing which one must not mind if one is to live in a windmill—not only the winds, but ladders instead of stairs. One went up for five storeys, each round room a little smaller than the one below, until the last was little more than a loft. From it one could climb, by the last and steepest of the ladders, out on to a flat platform at the top of the mill.

NOT the least enchanting thing about a windmill is the windows. They are small—smaller than one would have if one were building a house, but the great advantage of a windmill is that you can have them in every room facing north, south, east, and west. The bedroom on the first floor had a window-door to the north and another to the south, each opening on to a little balcony that ran right round the mill, and they were fitted with heavy shutters, each with a little sliding shutter in it, so that, whichever way the gale blew one could close the room securely against it and still have a peephole to windward.

THE windmill was by no means the whole of the house. Out of the sitting-room-library one went on one side straight into another great circular room that once had been the granary; and on the other a covered way led to what once had been the miller's cottage and shepherd's cottage. They, too, are now part of this romantic house.

A WINDMILL must be built where it can catch all the winds that blow, but it is evident that the miller himself, who built and lived in that cottage beside the mill, liked when his work was done to get away from the winds, and to feel, as he sat in his kitchen (it is now the dining-room of the house) that he was not on the top of the hill; and so the cottage is sunk a little below the level of its garden.

MISS RUTH ST. DENNIS

This temperamental dancer is now appearing at the Coliseum in a series of West Indian Nautch dances with which she has had a great success in America

Some Modes of the Moment

DISTINCTIVE.—A semi-fitting mole cloth coat-frock with pouched effect at the waist. The collar and cuffs are trimmed grey satin striped black
Model by Lucy

AN APRÈS-MIDI MODE of grey crepe marocain, trimmed with attractive grey bead embroideries. This costume is extremely chic for afternoon wear
Model by Lanot

THERE can be no more splendid place for looking out across the Downs than the window of a windmill; and the most enchanting thing about this windmill is that you come down from its little windows, with their great unbroken views, and, looking out at the garden from the cottage, feel as if in coming down that one ladder you had gone right down into the Weald. I think that Mr. E. V. Lucas writes somewhere of a friend of his who, so loves the windmills of the South Country, and so deplores their gradual disappearance, that he has made a map of them, so that there shall remain at least a record of where once they had been. The more practical thing would be to persuade all those who want a country home to buy a windmill, convert it, and live in it. M. V.

THIS SILVER-GREY CLOTH SKIRT forms an effective setting for the smart coat of grey and black deftly embroidered
Model by Lanot

Photographs by H. M. Talma

Some Charming Dry Points

Le Petit Chat

By Jean Hardy

Un Coup de Vent

Une Matinée de Mai

Setting Sail

Photograph *Ritchie*

THE HARBOUR AT MACDUFF, MORAY FIRTH

IRIS. By Margaret Kelly

YESTERDAY I had occasion to visit Dennison in his office; I am still feeling weak as a result of that visit.

I was in an unusually cheerful frame of mind when I knocked at his door and opened it with a bit of a flourish. "Clear out!" was the friendly greeting I received in answer to my breezy "Good morning." I did not immediately answer to his invitation to "clear out," but instead sat down on the only comfortable chair in the room.

Dennison was pacing up and down like a caged lion. Suddenly he turned, and said fiercely,

"I suppose you, too, have come to condole with me. You are only the fifth interfering fool this morning."

"My dear fellow," I began——

"Don't 'dear fellow' me!" he roared. "Don't speak a word, I tell you, unless you want me to chuck you out. You don't know anything about it, and how can you judge!"

I opened my mouth to say something, but he glared at me, so that I shut it with a snap.

"She's just perfect, perfect, I tell you," he said.

I didn't contradict, for I was a bit fogged. Evidently Dennison's distress had something to do with a lady.

"What is her name?" I ventured to ask, his continued pacing getting on my nerves.

"Iris," he snapped, and continued his walk.

"Is she worth all this?" I began——

"Worth it! Worth it! You don't know what you are talking about," he said, angrily. "And that bounder Hibbit knew I was after her, the underhand sneak, and now he's got her." Dennison clenched his fists, and murder looked out of his eyes.

"I'm truly sorry, old fellow, really I am," I said. I was beginning to feel keenly for my old chum, Dennison. It was a revelation to me to find that he was in love and had been jilted. It was hard luck, for he was no mere boy; in fact, he was a middle-aged bachelor, although no one ever dared to mention such a thing in his presence. What a deep dog he was, though! Not the slightest hint had he ever dropped about his love affair before—and to think that Hibbit was his rival! Well, Hibbit was nearly twenty years younger, but he was not such a handsome man as Dennison.

"Well, what have you got to say?" Dennison asked, suddenly, stopping in front of my chair.

"When did you first see her?" I burst out, quite startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Last summer," he answered.

"At the seaside, I suppose," I hazarded.

"Where else, you idiot!" Dennison answered, tersely.

"Well—er—I don't know," I said. "You are such a queer close fellow, you know, Dennison. I had no idea you were in love and had been jilted. You are the last man in the world I should have thought——"

"Fool, clown, prize idiot!" Dennison yelled, interrupting my flow of words. "What are you raving about? Love! jilted! Have you gone mad?"

"No!" I yelled, jumping to my feet, "but I think you have!"

Just then the telephone bell rang, and Dennison took up the receiver, and soon his face wore an expansive grin, as he answered someone.

"Then she's mine? So it's all settled, then! Price too high for Hibbit, eh? I'll run down tomorrow. Thanks. Good morning."

He turned round to me.

"Shake," he said, holding out his hand. "She's mine after all. A friend has worked it for me." I gave him my hand limply.

"I'm still rather fogged," I said. "Is it Iris you've got?"

"Yes," he answered, gleefully; then he began to laugh boisterously, "Oh, I see it all now," he said, smacking his leg. "You thought my yacht was a lady! Sorry, old fellow, to laugh at you. But you must come for a trip with me next month."

HOW'S THAT! By Stan Terry

WAITER: "Chicken, yessair. Wing or leg?"
ABSENT-MINDED SPORTSMAN: "Oh—middle and leg, please!"

A P.S. From the Motorless Motorist

BY H. H. HARRIS

"Having got rid of a lot of trouble, we have now settled down to a lovely time with our two-seater"

ON THE RAPIDE

BY ARTHUR MILLS

Author of "Pillars of Salt"

"*Second Service! Second Service!*" resounded the voice of the dining-car attendant

Gerald took his seat at a table laid for two. Just as he was wondering whether he would get the table to himself, "the girl" came in.

He had called her "the girl" when he had first noticed her at Calais and afterwards in Paris, and seen how pretty she was. On each occasion she had had a tall, bearded Frenchman assisting her with her luggage. Gerald had wondered how far she was going, and who she could be.

She was now alone and, after glancing round the dining-car, saw the empty seat opposite Gerald, and enquired if she might take it.

Gerald bowed, and she sat down.

A minute or two afterwards the tall Frenchman came in. He looked around, saw where the girl was sitting, and came at once to her table. She smiled at him, but Gerald, watching her eyes, mistrusted her smile; he felt there was a twist in it somewhere.

The Frenchman bowed politely, and expressed surprise that he was not to have the honour of dining with her. She said she was sorry; it was a mistake of the attendant's to have put them at different tables.

The Frenchman bowed again, and said it was indeed an unfortunate mistake, but perhaps it could be remedied. He had a single seat at another table. He glanced significantly at Gerald, who raised his eyes ever so slightly above the edge of his book and looked at the girl; the instructions he read were perfectly clear. He bent again over his book and affected to have heard nothing. The Frenchman gave him a short, infuriated glance, muttered something inaudibly, and withdrew to the table opposite.

When he was out of ear shot, the girl leant across and said:

"I was awfully grateful to you for not giving up your seat just now to—to that dreadful man."

Gerald was glad he had sat firm.

"I wasn't quite sure whether he was a friend of yours or not," he replied.

"Friend!" she echoed, "I should think not; but he has been making himself a nuisance ever since we left Calais, and I let him carry my bag to the station. I can't get away from him."

"It will be all right now," he said, reassuringly.

"It won't," the girl looked ruefully at her plate, "he's in my *wagon lit*."

"No!" exclaimed Gerald. "I never heard of such a thing; surely the *chef de train* can arrange about that."

The girl shook her head. "I've spoken to the *chef de train*; he says he can do nothing. They are extraordinary like that on the Continent, you know, the way they mix people up indiscriminately in the sleeping compartments. I suppose I shall have to spend the night here; there's not another seat on the train anywhere, and nothing would induce me to go in with that man."

"But this is outrageous," said Gerald. "You can't spend the whole night sitting up in a dining-car. I——" he paused.

It happened that Gerald was a King's Messenger, and was making a journey with Government despatches. In fact, the leather despatch case, which was lying by his side at the moment, contained documents of the very greatest importance. He was carrying them to a British Cabinet Minister who was attending an inter-Allied Conference at Nice. He had a *wagon lit* reserved for himself; there were two berths in it. But, Gerald reflected, it was not a wise thing to do, to let a girl he had never seen before, share his reserved compartment through a long night journey. She might be all right, but she might not. If the despatches fell into the wrong hands they might be sufficient to cause another war.

"You see I . . . I'm a King's Messenger," he said, "and though I get a compartment to myself, I'm not supposed to give it up to anybody."

"Of course not," said the girl. "I suppose if anything happened to your despatches it would be terribly serious. Do you always keep them with you?"

"The important ones I do," said Gerald, tapping the despatch case by his side. "I've got a great sack of ones that don't much matter in the upper berth." As he spoke he realised how silly he had been; he had told the girl where he kept his important papers, and he'd also told her he had a spare berth.

"Well, never mind," she said, giving a brave little smile that made things all the harder for Gerald. "I'll be all right somewhere."

Gerald, looking across at the bearded Frenchman, saw him pour a cognac into his coffee and smile complacently. Then, turning towards the girl, he surprised a look of terror in her eyes, which made him fancy there might be some link between the two, of which she had not told him—a horrible, nerve-racking link.

In that moment he made his decision. Whatever else happened, he would save her from the man. If necessary he could sit up all night and guard his despatches. But the girl, who he sensed would not be safe alone, even in the corridor, should have his protection for the night.

"I say," he said, "if you'd care for it, I'd love you to have the spare berth in my *wagon lit*."

Seldom did Gerald remember anything more moving than the look of gratitude that leapt into her eyes. The girl clutched at his offer just as a thirst-stricken man in a desert will stretch out his hands for a water bottle.

"The only thing is," he continued, "I hope you won't mind having the upper berth. You see, I've got the bags down below."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Not a bit," she said. "I'll go along and get my things." She paused. "On second thoughts I think I'll send the attendant for them. *He* is probably in there now."

Half an hour later Gerald and his new companion sat opposite to each other in his reserved compartment. The situation was an odd one, and the bizarreness was not lessened now that Gerald was able to observe fully the girl's amazing loveliness. She had taken off her hat, revealing masses of soft, wavy brown hair. She suffused about the little compartment a delicate, delicious perfume.

"I hope I shan't be an awful bore," she said, smiling across at him.

She opened a dressing-bag and began to make her arrangements for the night. She tied a blue silk handkerchief round her hair, fastening it into a neat bow; she unlaced her shoes, and slipped her slender, silk-clad feet into a pair of embroidered slippers.

"And the rest," she said, with a mischievous laugh, "I shall do when I get upstairs." She pointed to the upper berth.

He held the ladder for her to climb up; then, placing the despatch case under his pillow, stretched himself out on his own berth. Nine hours was going to be a long time to keep awake.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour he had been listening to the rumbling song of the wheels, and to the gentle breathing of his companion above, who—to judge by her complete stillness—he fancied slept, when a knock outside made him start to his feet.

"Who's there?" he called, opening the door a few inches.

"Ah, it is Monsieur's compartment, I was not sure." A foot was firmly planted in the aperture made by the open door. Looking out Gerald saw the bearded Frenchman.

"What do you want?" he asked shortly.

"I would like, if I may, to speak a moment with Mademoiselle."

"She's asleep," said Gerald; "I will give her your message in the morning."

"It is a matter I must tell her to-night," answered the Frenchman. There was an insistent ring in his voice that amounted almost to a menace.

Gerald was contemplating kicking away his foot and slamming the door in his face, when he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. The *wagon lit* was in semi-darkness, the green shades having been drawn over the lights. Gerald turned sharply round and saw the girl leaning over the edge of her berth, peering at the half-open door,

"Who is there?" she asked in a sleepy voice.

"It is I, Mademoiselle," answered the Frenchman.

"*You!*" she exclaimed, and in her voice there was the same fear that Gerald had seen shine earlier in her eyes.

He decided that the Frenchman must be got rid of at once.

"You stay where you are," he said to the girl, "I'll talk to him."

"Monsieur"—he turned to the Frenchman—"if you will excuse me we will talk in the corridor; we disturb the lady."

He stepped forward, forcing the Frenchman back, till they stood in the corridor alone.

"Now, Monsieur, in what way can I be of service to you?"

As he spoke Gerald closed the door of the *wagon lit* behind him. For an instant the Frenchman glared at him. Gerald returned his stare with interest. Then the Frenchman, muttering an imprecation about "the mad English," turned on his heel.

Gerald returned to the *wagon lit*. His first act was to reassure himself the despatch-case was safe. There it lay, just as he had left it, under his pillow. In examining it, he noticed the patent catch was unfastened, but the papers, he saw, were safe. He shut the catch, so making it impossible for anyone to open the case except with a key on his watch-chain.

"I'm so sorry you were wakened up," he said to the girl. He noticed she was shivering. "I promise he shan't disturb you again."

She murmured a few words of thanks; then laid her head on the pillow and turned her face to the wall.

Once more Gerald stretched himself out on his berth. He felt horribly sleepy now, and would have given anything to be able to close his eyes. But he dare not, with the precious contents of that despatch-case in his keeping. The chances that his companion was not what she pretended to be were only one in a thousand, but he could not risk the thousandth chance.

Rumble, rumble, rumble went the wheels. Tick-tock-tick-tick-tock-tick. He listened to the rhythmic click of the axles. They must be making fully 100 kilos to the hour. Then, as he listened, he felt a jar that shivered right through the train, followed by another jar. The express was slowing up. He looked at his watch—11.45; they could not be nearing Lyons yet. He could feel now the pneumatic brakes working at their full pressure; the train was now moving very slowly; finally with a jerk they pulled up altogether. Outside in the corridor he heard footsteps and voices. He got up, opened the door, and put his head outside.

"What is it?" he asked an attendant.

The fellow said he did not know; the communication cord had been pulled; that was all he was able to say. Gerald communicated this intelligence to the girl, who had awakened once more, and was sitting up in her berth.

The sound of voices talking excitedly could now be heard. Gerald, listening, heard a strident English female voice rising above the rest.

"They've been stolen, I tell you," said the voice; "look, someone's cut the bottom from the case. Worth £100,000 if they were worth a penny. They were safe in my case half an hour ago; I saw them there myself."

Gerald went out into the corridor. It appeared that a lady in a compartment in the next coach had lost a valuable pearl necklace. Gerald returned and told his companion the news.

"Oh, how awful!" she said.

"Well, we can't do anything about it. I'm going to doss down again." Gerald stretched himself once more in his berth.

For several minutes the chatter continued; gradually it grew less; finally, to Gerald's relief, he felt a tug, and heard the clink of the couplings as the express got once more under way.

They had journeyed for about another hour, when the next incident happened. The train had

stopped at Lyons, and Gerald was stretching his legs on the platform, carrying as ever his despatch case, when he saw two gendarmes board the train and re-appear a minute or two later with a man between them.

Gerald stared to see who the prisoner was, and gave an exclamation of astonishment. It was the bearded Frenchman.

"By Gad!" he thought. "I bet he is the train-robber; I knew he was up to no good the minute I set eyes on him."

The gendarmes, with their prisoner between them, passed quite close, and once again Gerald's eyes and the stranger's met, but this time there was no anger in the Frenchman's gaze; Gerald could have sworn his eyes were laughing.

Gerald climbed back on to the train, and stopped to smoke a cigarette in the corridor. Quarter of an hour later, when the train was well under way, he went back to his carriage.

On entering he found two men in the compartment, and the girl, fully dressed, sitting frightened and bewildered on the seat. One of the men was rummaging in her dressing-bag, the other forestalled protest by handing Gerald his card.

Det. Inspector Blake,
Scotland Yard

Gerald read.

"And this," Inspector Blake pointed to the other man, "is M. Henri, of the French Service."

M. Henri bowed and continued his operations on the girl's bag, which he was ripping methodically to bits with a knife.

"It is the matter of those pearls," Inspector Blake explained, "we know she must have them, and want your permission for two of our women officers, whom

"DRESSED IN HER BEST FROM HER HEAD TO HER TOES . . ."

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

BEAUTIFUL NORAH BLANEY

A charming picture of this attractive songstress who appears with Gwen Farrer in a clever ensemble of 'cello and cheerfulness on the menu of "Pot Luck" at the Vaudeville. Though Miss Blaney is shortly joining forces (matrimonial) with Mr. Phillip Bruce Durham, the manager of the "Midnight Follies," where also she appears with Gwen Farrer, this is not going to deprive us of enjoying the delightful combination of beauty and brains; in fact, with such a capable manager we may see even more of it.

we have brought on the train, to search her in here."

Gerald gazed at the man blankly. "But this lady has been with me all the evening. I can't think what you are talking about. She was lying on her berth there at the time the robbery was committed."

"Maybe," answered the Inspector, "but she is Dot Simmons all right; we've got a dozen pictures of her at Headquarters; the only trouble is she is working with a new mate. They took him off at Lyons and searched him from his ears to his big toes; the pearls weren't there—so Dot must have them."

The sincerity of the Inspector's manner convinced Gerald that the man believed he was speaking the truth. Nevertheless, his sympathy went out to the girl.

"But have you any evidence that anyone actually stole the pearls?" he enquired.

Inspector Blake frowned: "No, we haven't; that is just what we are trying to get—see."

Gerald regarded the man hacking away at the dressing-bag.

"So it seems," he said, dryly, "and would you tell me, just out of curiosity, if you have authority to cut up anybody's dressing-bag, or search their persons at your pleasure?"

"We have a warrant to allow us to search these two. The law is a bit easier, you know, in France, sir."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," Gerald suddenly flashed out, annoyed by the veiled insolence of the man's manner, "this compartment you are in is a private compartment, reserved for the King's Messenger, and you will oblige me by leaving at once."

These instructions, however, so far as they interfered with the police activities, came a little late. For as Gerald spoke the other detective looked up and said he had searched every crannie of the bag, but there was nothing there.

"All right, we'd best take her along and run over her," said Inspector Blake. "Good-day, sir; hope they haven't touched any of your stuff."

The girl, still quite unruffled, followed the men out into the corridor.

Gerald, thoroughly perplexed, waited alone; his despatch case at any rate was safely by his side.

Half an hour later the girl came back to the compartment. If she had been searched, she appeared wholly unconcerned, for she sat down opposite Gerald and smiled serenely.

"I think I shall get out at Nice, after all," she said.

Gerald nodded. He longed to ask her many questions, but a sense of shyness prevented him. Her matter of fact manner under her embarrassing ordeal made him uncomfortably suspicious of her quiet. But the pearls evidently had been found neither on her nor on her alleged confederate. Where could they be hidden?

The situation was embarrassing and Gerald was heartily relieved when the train rolled into Nice. She collected her tattered bag and stood up ready to leave. In the doorway she held out her hand.

"Thank you for all your kindness," she said.

"Not at all; I'm afraid you have had a most uncomfortable journey."

"Some people are very stupid," she smiled. "But look, there is a porter at the window waiting for your things. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." Gerald turned to the window and passed out his suit-case to the porter. Then he turned round to gather his precious despatch case. *It had gone!*

Gerald was out of the train and along the platform in a flash. He rushed to the ticket barrier. But he was too late. As he got there he saw a girl's slim figure sitting in the back of a motor-car that was just gliding out of the station.

There was only one thing to do; that was to go at once to the Headquarters of the British Cabinet Minister for whom those despatches were intended, and get him to move heaven and earth to have that girl traced.

Gerald raced to the Negresco hotel as fast as taxi could take him. His reflections on the way may best be imagined. After all his precautions, to lose the despatches like that at the very end. Only twice during the long journey had he let them out of his sight. The first time had been when he had turned the Frenchman away from the *wagon lit*; he wondered why she had not taken them then, and realised that, of course, it would have been futile, as, while he stood in the doorway, she could not have escaped. But now she had got them and got away. The disgrace that threatened him was worse than anything that could be imagined. Leaping out of the cab, he dashed into the hall, nearly falling over the Cabinet Minister's private secretary.

"Hullo!" said the latter to Gerald, "a lady has just brought this, said you left it behind you in the train"; and he handed to Gerald his attaché case.

Gerald had sufficient sense not to give away the appalling predicament he'd been in. He took the case, and saying, "Thanks, old man," walked casually over to the bureau, where he opened it.

Eagerly he examined the papers; they were intact. Just as he was folding them up something fell out on the desk. It was a neat blue envelope addressed to him. Gerald tore it open. "Dear Friend," he read,

"So sorry to have had to borrow your despatch-case for a few minutes; but I had to force the lock; here it is safely back.—Dot."

"My Aunt!" he exclaimed, "so that is where she hid 'em all the time."

"Hid what?" enquired the private secretary. But he got no answer. ARTHUR MILLS.

"THERE is urgent need of economy in education," states a contemporary. And, oddly enough, it seems to have been practised by the worst profiteers.

* * *

"Is Making-Up Cheating?" queries a headline. It is certainly suggestive of "'spotting' the lady."

* * *

"WE are promised a riot of colour for the coming season," says a fashion writer. The news is reported to have cheered up Mr. Ghandi considerably.

* * *

"MOTOR-BOAT Trips on the Thames," says a contemporary. We have frequently uttered warnings to excursionists anent the folly of heaving banana skins overboard!

Odds On

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HE: "Do you think I will win her?"
SHE: "Well, I think she will give you a run for your father's money!"

"DON JUANES"

BY "ROLAND" *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

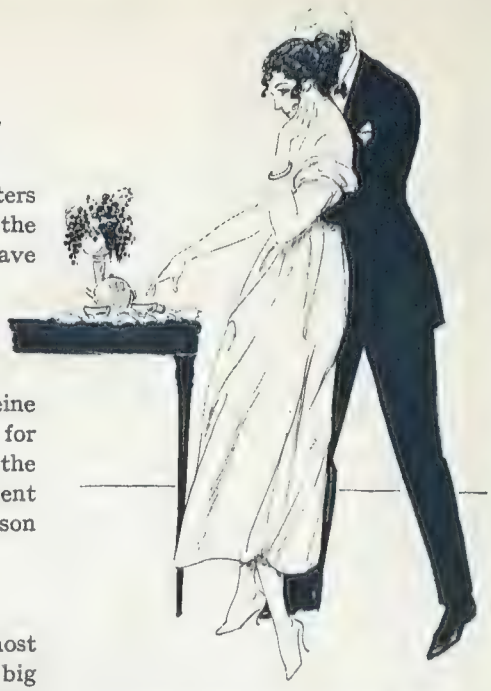
MES AMIS—

C'*est triste de raconter.* But the *tristesse* of the *histoire* shall not spare one from the necessity always to conform to the verity. Something has gone wrong with the transference of *Les Don Juanes* from the book to the stage. If one must admit the full depths of the disappointment, one has to reveal that almost everything has gone wrong. Perhaps before this letter shall have arrived to print the play shall be taken off. *Certes*, it has the small hopes to have the long duration.

C'*est bien dommage.* One has so much enjoyed the book. M. Marcel Prevost had captured the affections as with the old novels which all of you know. He had made his "types" to live. So much so that one had the pleasant pastime to look for them and pretend to make the discovery. But the playwrights have ventured into the pitfalls of the adaptations. They have descended so deeply that the play has become lost in the shadows.

THERE is not any doubt that they have had the task *bien difficile.* The story of M. Prevost has had four intrigues to run simultaneously. It has been necessary, although one has been dominant, to have the interplay. This has been required to create the *milieu*, to paint which has been as much the part of the author as the meticulous analysis of the character. But it has not been possible to confine all these intrigues within the more narrow limits of a play, without to pare them down to a weakness of substance which has impaired their reality. Also, the adapters have felt impelled to alter the *dénouement.* And in this they have had the misfortune with the players. Has been made the surprise attempt to pass off M. André Brule as the son of Madame Madeleine Lely. This has been too much for even the most generous among the *spectateurs.* It is like to present your M. Jack Hulbert as the son of Miss Fay Compton.

EXISTS at the moment the most exceptional example of a big story which becomes a bad play and a story of the most *mince* which has been made into the good play. But the *mince* story is in the hands of M. Sacha Guitry, while the dramatisation of *Les Don Juanes* is in the different hands from those of the author. *En passant* one has observed the haste with which M. Prevost has said "*Bien entendu, le pièce n'est pas de moi.*" M. Sacha Guitry has the advantage to be able to invent the tales and construct them into the plays. He has the best of both the worlds. *Comme ça* he escapes to strike the wrong note. And even if the note shall sometimes be faint, it has the merit to ring true, and thus to please.



"The greater interest in the vieil ami Gaston"

ONE should have to search *bien longtemps* to find a play that could be more flimsy than *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place.*" Yet M. Sacha Guitry has made it not merely something to be tolerated, but a real joy. Sacha appears as a doctor who has as much success to find the patients as to retain the attentions of his wife. *Ça va dire; point.* The *malades* go to the other doctors and Madame has the greater interest in the *vieil ami* Gaston. For the *bonheur* of Sacha, *cependant,* arrives a new *femme de chambre.* She is the twin-soul of the deserted doctor, for she seeks only to adore *un bon maître.* As the *femme de chambre* is Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, there is not of the least hesitation about the adoration. Possibly is it that it is just because it is Mlle. Printemps that

"She is the twin soul of the deserted doctor"

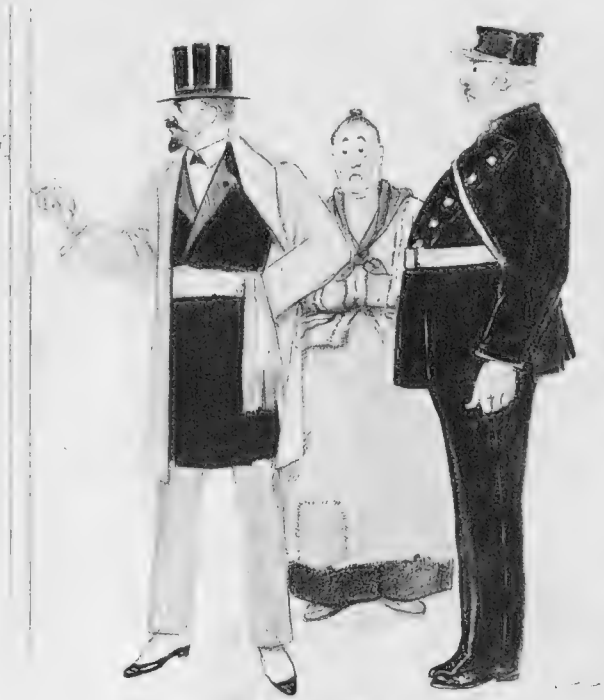
(Continued on page 514)

The Ventriloquist

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

IS THIS WHAT IS HAPPENING?

the adoration is so swift and so facile. *Vraiment* the play does not explain why the *femme de chambre* should be so *vite éprise du medicin.* If everyone had not been aware that she is his real wife there might have been the questions about this *lacune* in the play. But as it is the tale moves on without the interrogations, for the raillery is so witty and the incidentals are the such great attraction that one has not the immense interest in the central idea. Thus one has the less attention for the capture of the wife and Gaston in the *flagrant délit* than in the fact that it is presented by cinematograph. Also one has the expectation of the marriage of the *petite main* and the doctor, but one has not had the anticipation to see them depart for the honeymoon by the film. Thus is everyone surprised and satisfied.



"Le flagrant délit"

But the performance *à la fois* of *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place* and *Les Don Juanes* has stressed a contrast which has provoked the controversy. In which rôle shall there be the most hope for the *jeune fille*—and for the *bonheur* of the *mari?* The women of M. Prevost are all of the style *émancipée. De l'autre part* the heroine of *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place* is of the *genre* humble and *respectueuse. D'un tel degré* that Sacha himself has commented, "*Vous êtes le dernier spécimen d'un race qui tend de plus en plus à disparaître.*" For the exigencies of the play *Les Don Juanes* the *émancipées* have all to arrive at a misfortunate end. Thus is left the impression that all such masculines shall have the *fin malheureuse.* But the *Petite Main,* who has the vocation of the slavery, in such form as to be the sincere delight, procures all the *bonheurs* which have been vainly sought by the sturdier sisters.

"Les folles marquises of the Regency"

Shall it then follow, is the question, that the *jeunes filles* who may be taught the system of the humiliation will secure the better result than the *jeunes filles* who are educated to adopt the rôle of man, in the affair to pick and choose a mate? One has recalled that Nietzche has pontificated, "Happiness for the man is to declare 'I want.' Happiness for the woman is to repeat 'He wants.'" Translated into the language of the boulevard by Sacha this does become, "I marry my servant."

But it is not in the least positive that the consequences shall be ever so satisfactory as the *affaire* of the *Petite Main,* though, *incidemment,* the system could bring the termination to the *crise des domestiques.* No, there has to be reckoned with the contrariness of the "young things." *Pas de doute* that if the *jeunes filles* should be instructed that the whole of future happiness could easily be found in the spirit of obedience, they would look upon the spirit of obedience with the *sainte horreur.* Is it not that the *demoiselles* of St. Cyr, brought up in the unbended austerity, have become the *folles marquises* of the Regency?

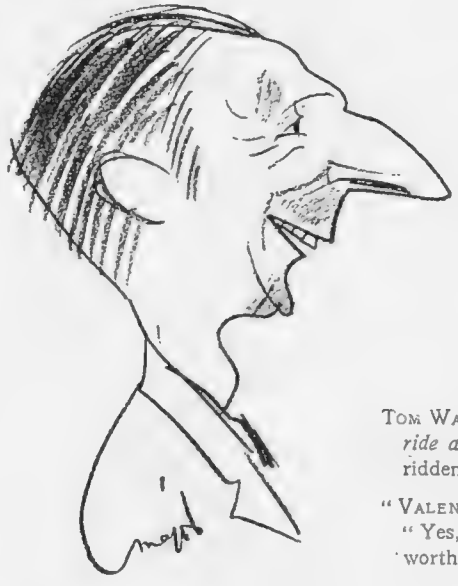
No. *En dépit des avertissements* of M. Prevost and the tempting bribes of M. Sacha Guitry, one must still vote for the middle course; while to allow that *le temps* leans more to the *émancipées* than to the *esclaves.*

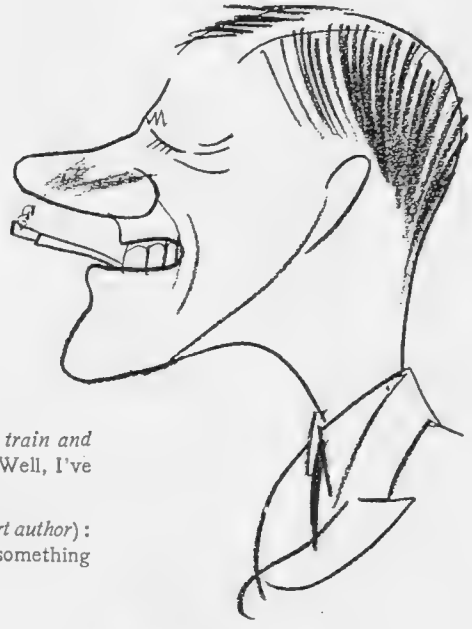
Roland

Galloping Sketches by Major

WILL EVANS (*part author*): "If this success goes on I shall have to build you a new house"

LESLIE HENSON: "Yes. But you mustn't paper it"

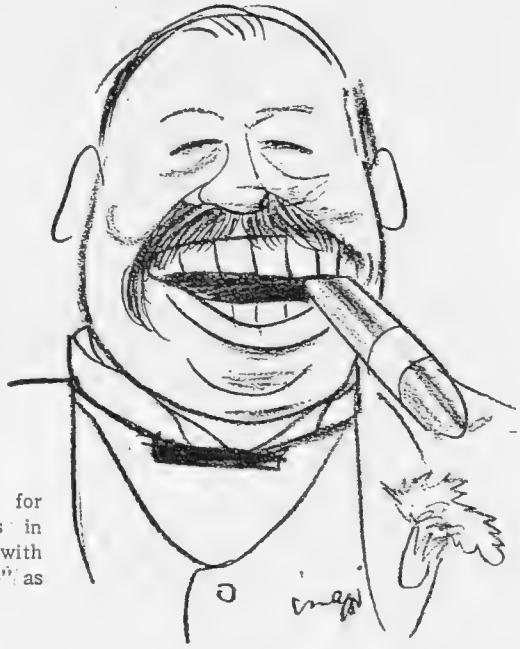




TOM WALLS (*who aspires to train and ride a Derby winner*): "Well, I've ridden a winner at last"

"VALENTINE" (*the other part author*): "Yes, we gave you something worth mounting"

Reginald Highley (*who counts and minds the "Tons of Money"*) thinks very Highley of the new play



J. Bannister Howard for success. He specialises in carnations and coronas—with "The Belle of New York" as a side line

COUNTING THE PROFITS OF "TONS OF MONEY"

"In London—Now!"

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Women umpires"

LONDON, *May* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

"LIFE drives me almost frantic with delight at odd moments," writes Mr. S. P. B. Mais in his new book, *Caged Birds*. "When I am alone in the sea; when I smell carnations or roses. . . ." At least, that's what his hero says, and, I suppose, it's really much the same thing.

DOES make one rather ecstatically mad sometimes, I must confess, when there are such lovely sensations around, such sights and sounds and scents as greet one in these early days of summer. When the wild cherry trees are one thick mass of white bloom, and the magnolias in full bloom, and the bluebells out, and all the trees at their richest and juiciest green, before the sun's had time to turn their spring freshness into the still sweet, but rather worn, look of a *débutante* who's had a month or so of parties and late nights all on end.

WHEN . . . but I mustn't talk too much about the glorious delights of this wondrous month of May—when it *does* really happen for once to be for a time full of blue skies and sun-washed days. Because, for one thing, odds are it turns all frosty and shivery again before we begin to know where we are, and we rush back to furs and wraps and things, with our teeth chattering and our noses an unbecoming blue. And, for another, 'cos it does give one such a sort of a heartache, when the miracle happens, to be caged up, by work or pleasure, here in London now.

S'N awfully nice place, London, of course, isn't it? Granted as soon as asked, as the charming Julie de Poopinac remarked to Marie Antoinette in that delightful skit of Mr. Noel Coward's, *The Withered Nosegay*. And is, after all, pr'aps the place where you get the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number of months of the year, to quote one of the famous philosophers, or words to that effect.

SIMPLY love London, I do, nearly always. For one thing, it's so big and so free. Not merely in the way of space, I mean—which is, if anything, a bit annoying sometimes, I admit, when you've got to spend hours and hours getting from one end to the other and pay the taxi fare to boot. But there's also the great and glorious blessing—isn't there?—of being able to choose your friends, and having every sort and kind to choose 'em from, and nobody to gossip about what you do (at least, not really very much), however bold and rash, and, by county family standards, improper.

"Polo"

WHEREAS in country villages, and even quite fair-sized towns (especially if there's a cathedral in 'em), you can only know just whoever happens to be there, and, what's more, you've prob'ly got to know either all or none. And all your doings and affairs, however tiny, seem to be of so much interest to everyone, don't they, that it's positively quite embarrassing? Dearly love all my fellow-creatures, I do, of course—anyway, in principle, as the politician people say. But there are limits. . . .

ALL of which, anyway, ought to help console us at the moments that *do* come

every now and then, when all London's charms and fascinations seem

> Less than the dust beneath the chariot wheels

And our first taste of summer's generally one of 'em. Later on in the year, p'raps, we get hardened. We get quite used, even the youngest *débutante* among us—who, after all, has all the raptures of her coming-out frocks to make up for everything—to a Town life among streets and chimney-pots when all Nature is looking her best. But just at this "turn o' the year" (rain or shine) the call of the country does seem to come even to the most confirmed of Londoners, with a sort of a queer pang that's half sorrow and half joy.

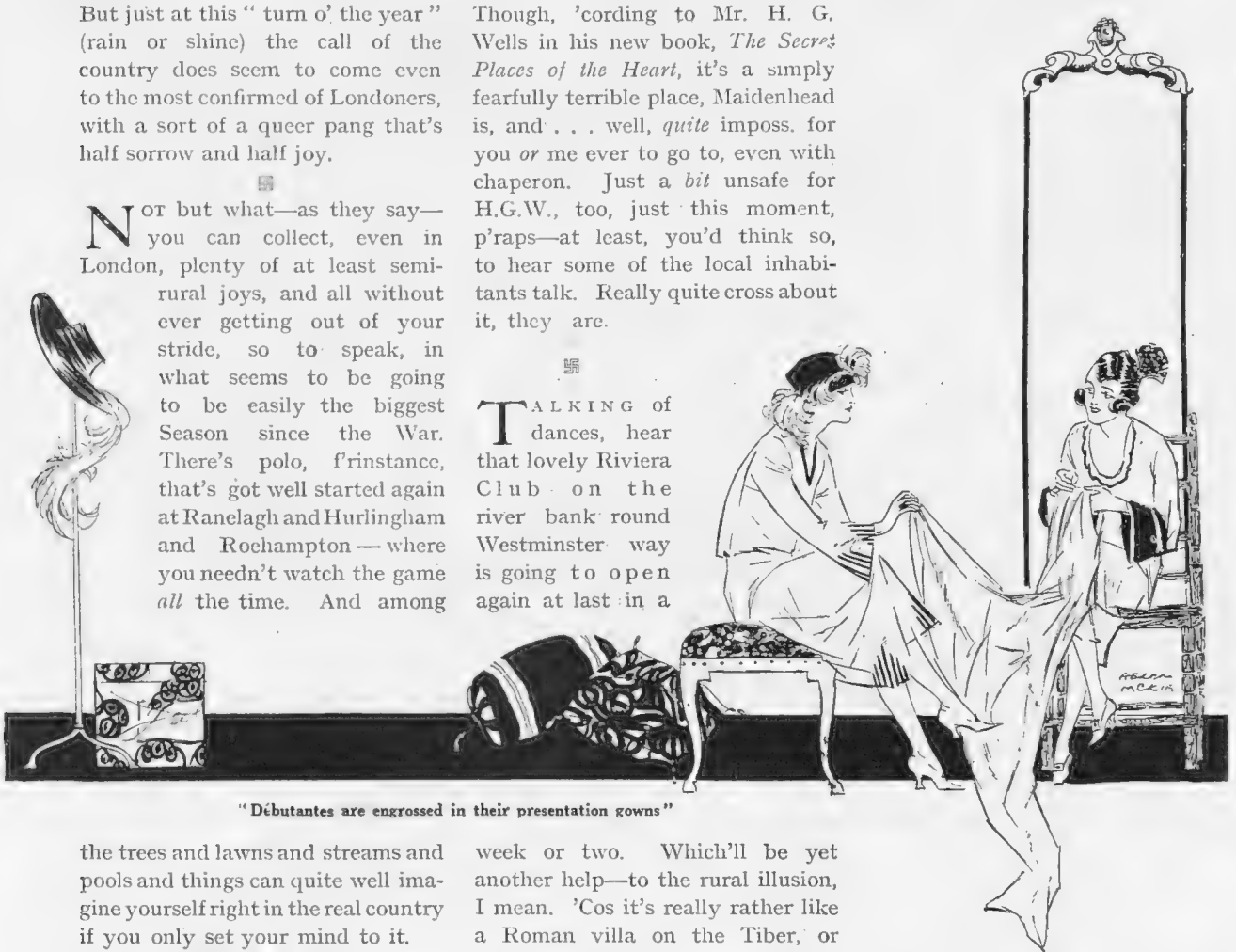
Not but what—as they say—you can collect, even in London, plenty of at least semi-rural joys, and all without ever getting out of your stride, so to speak, in what seems to be going to be easily the biggest Season since the War. There's polo, f'rinstance, that's got well started again at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton — where you needn't watch the game *all* the time. And among the trees and lawns and streams and pools and things can quite well imagine yourself right in the real country if you only set your mind to it.

Not to mention lawn tennis, which has so really rather startlingly leapt up from being once a sort of Cinderella in games to the very last word—with quite nice people playing, *and* umpiring, at the tournaments and things. And is no longer played just in any sort of suburban holes and corners, either. Forget how many dozens of courts they've built at Roehampton, for one—where it's almost put polo's nose out of joint, even in a club run by the famous polo Millers. And this very Wednesday as ever is there's to be a regular super-tournament at Sir Arthur Crosfield's place, run by Royalty and with Royalty competing, not to mention Lord Beatty and Mr. Bonar Law and lots of marquises and earls and people.

And then, of course, there's always — isn't there? — the river at Maidenhead — with Skindle's for lunch, and Murray's on the opposite bank to dine and dance at, when punting palls. Though, 'cording to Mr. H. G. Wells in his new book, *The Secret Places of the Heart*, it's a simply fearfully terrible place, Maidenhead is, and . . . well, *quite* imposs. for you *or* me ever to go to, even with chaperon. Just a *bit* unsafe for H.G.W., too, just this moment, p'raps—at least, you'd think so, to hear some of the local inhabitants talk. Really quite cross about it, they are.

Talking of dances, hear that lovely Riviera Club on the river bank round Westminster way is going to open again at last in a week or two. Which'll be yet another help—to the rural illusion, I mean. 'Cos it's really rather like a Roman villa on the Tiber, or somewhere, with its delightful terrace and dance-room, with great windows opening out over the Thames. Quite *the* best place to dance—and sit out—in that I know in Town, if and when summer's here.

And dine, for that matter, for they do you there right from start to finish, so to speak. Which reminds me, dancing—and—dining at the Empress Rooms the other night, was fearfully s'prised and pleasantly intrigued when they come round after the ice and asked, "And what scent does Madame prefer, please?" And straightway a little bottle of the chosen perfume was poured into the finger-bowl beside my plate. Rather nice kind thought, and delicately chivalrous attention, what?



"Débutantes are engrossed in their presentation gowns"

More and more masses of dances on just now, by the way. Eighteen on my list this week alone, and next Monday, of course, there's the big Caledonian Ball at the Cecil, when we wear our tartan sashes (if we've got tartans *and* our complexions can bear 'em, that is), and half the peerage comes along and reels about in kilts. Sounds bad, doesn't it? But it's only Scotch for dancing!

Feel a bit like reeling myself—with joy this time. 'Cos I've drawn St. Louis in one sweep for next week's Derby and Pondoland in another. Only trouble is — just thought of it—they can't both win. There's always a summut, isn't there?—With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ELECT OF ENGLAND

Who, on the Prince's Course at Sandwich, recently won the Ladies' International Team Championship of Golf, beating Scotland, Ireland and Wales, each by 8 matches to 1. Left to right, standing: Miss P. Read, Miss P. Lobbett, Miss G. Bastin, Mrs. Cautley, Miss J. Stocker. Seated: Mrs. Macbeth, Miss J. Wethered, Miss C. Leitch, Miss E. Leitch

Photograph *Sport and General*

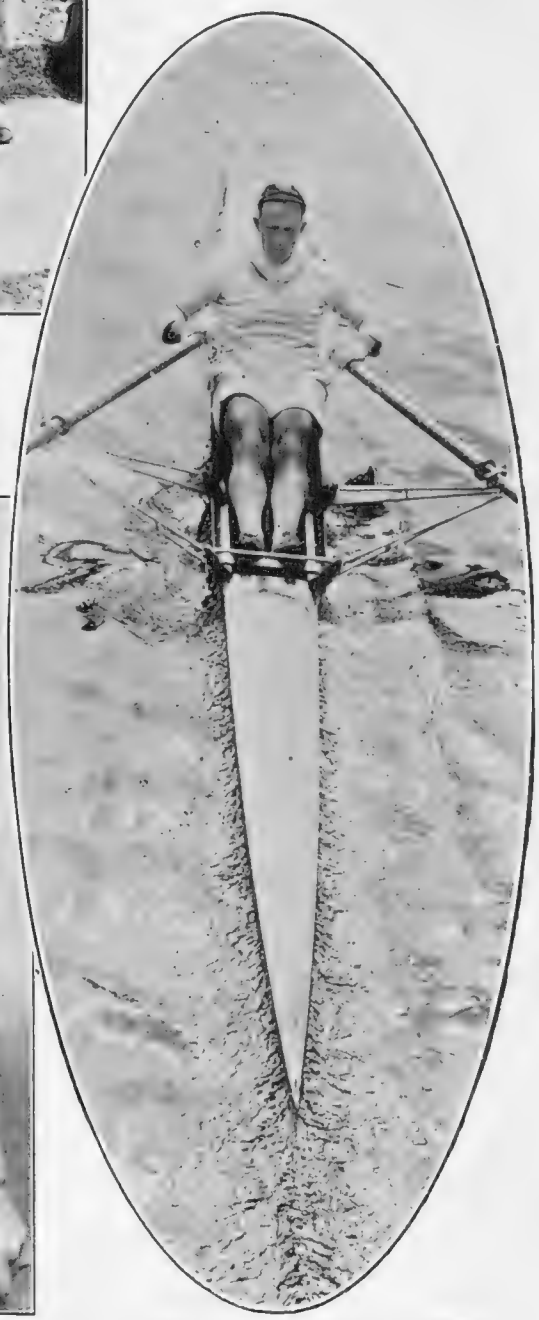
W. A. MURRAY

Secretary of the Romford Golf Club who recently won the Gold Vase at Stoke Poges. He played fine golf and his two rounds of 75 and 76 brought him in an easy winner. C. Aylmer was second

Photograph *Central News*

EARL THOMSON

The famous Canadian hurdler who is reported to have recently created a new record by winning a 75 yards hurdle race at Dartmouth, Columbia in 9 2-5 sec.



Photograph *Sport and General*

A. A. BAYNES

Holder of the Amateur Sculling Championship of Queensland who has come over to England to "have a shot" at the Diamond Sculls at Henley. He is here seen out for a practice spin at Marlow

Photograph *Central News*

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS AT BRUSSELS

Where the Hard Court Championships of the world were held at the Leopold Club last week. This picture gives a general view of the principal Court and its surroundings, the match in progress being that in which H. Cochet and Mlle. Lenglen beat Gordon Lowe and Mrs. Satterthwaite

Photograph *Sport and General*

BIRMINGHAM'S BEST FOUR

The team who won the recent Inter-University Athletic competition. Miss Scarlet (left), the well-known International Hockey player, won two firsts and two seconds, and Miss Hall (third from the left) two firsts

Photograph *W. A. Fiedler*

INSEPARABLES

Mr. T. L. Turketine's "Estelle" holding a slight lead against Mr. F. G. Mitchell's "My Lady Dainty" in the Thames Sailing Club's afternoon race at Surbiton on the 13th. They finally dead-heated, but "My Lady Dainty," being slightly the smaller boat, took the first prize on time allowance. "Estelle" was first boat home and "My Lady Dainty" second in the morning race

Photograph *Topical*

J. H. KIRKWOOD

The Australian golfer, who recently won the £800 golf tournament at Lossiemouth with the wonderful aggregate of 290 for the four rounds. His first round, 69, broke the record of the course

Happy-Go-Lucky Lawn Tennis Players

THE BUGBEAR OF TOURNAMENT PLAY

THE other day at a lawn tennis tournament I encountered a very disgruntled competitor. He had arrived at the ground, as requested, at 2 p.m., but the match which he was then expecting to play had not come off, and he was still hanging about waiting to play it. He was sufficiently conversant with what happens at tournaments to know that his experience was by no means an uncommon one, but this only served to magnify his grievance. Being an orderly and methodical person himself he could not understand why there is so little orderliness or method about the conduct of tournament play. The managers of a meeting, he contended, knew how many courts, and how many hours of play, they had at their disposal; consequently they ought surely to be able to decide, after the termination of one day's play, what matches they intended to play on the following day, and to allot a definite time to each match. There was no reason why tournaments should be managed in such a happy-go-lucky fashion.

By L. R. Brightwell

SKIRTS AND THE DOG

AS I happen to know something about tournament management I told him that a fixed order of play, though theoretically the best and most convenient method of working a tournament for all parties concerned, is in actual practice only feasible to a very limited extent. "But, why?" he asked. "The chief reason," I replied, "—I won't pretend it is the only reason, because it isn't—but the chief reason is that the competitors themselves make it impossible. It is they who are happy-go-lucky, not the management. A fixed order of play is only possible if all the players make a point of turning up to time. If some of them do not, that is sufficient to throw the whole programme out of gear. And lawn tennis players, where the playing of lawn tennis is concerned, are about the most unpunctual people on earth."

THERE is, of course, an obvious remedy for this state of affairs. The referee or manager has full power to scratch any player for unpunctuality; but of all unsatisfactory things scratching is the most unsatisfactory. The referee dislikes scratching a player because he feels that he may perhaps be punishing him unduly; the player naturally dislikes it extremely, and thinks it grossly unfair that he should be disqualified just (as he puts it) for being "a bit late," and the opponent dislikes it because he would sooner have had the game, whatever its result might happen to be, than no game and a barren victory. Finally, the onlookers dislike it if the disqualified one happens to be "somebody good." And since it is so obviously expedient—because the "gate" matters so much—that as much latitude as possible should be given to the good players it is hardly fair to be any more strict with the bad ones. For all these various reasons one might almost say of scratching that "it isn't done." As a matter of fact it *is* done, but only in cases of dire necessity.

I THINK I am right in saying that it is the aim of all tournament managers to "run" their tournaments as methodically as they possibly can, and that they do their best to settle in advance the times at which the various competitors will be required to be ready to play. Failure on the part of one or two competitors to come up to time does not absolutely wreck their programme, but it usually creates confusion enough to make it appear that the manager, when he is really doing his utmost to straighten things out, has no settled plan of campaign at all. This, you will observe, is how it struck my orderly and disgruntled friend. He was wrong to the extent I have indicated, and yet, on the other hand, he was right. He was only wrong for blaming the management for a state of affairs which was really the fault of those players who, unlike himself, were the real cause of the chaos. He was right in his contention that these things should not be. There is a boom in tournament play just now, but there is a slump in the offing, and the slumper will be the tournament player who is allowed to blow in just whenever he chooses. Let us hope that he will be suppressed before the slump happens.

"ARBITER"

P. F. Warner's Book on Cricket

The Book of Cricket (J. M. Dent and Sons: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by P. F. Warner, first published in 1911, was such a good book in the first instance that its reproduction, eleven years later, in a revised form is welcome. A lot of things have happened, including a war, since 1911 and the new book, which its industrious and always interesting author has spared no pains to bring up to date, is, therefore, a good deal more than a second edition of the old one. If anyone, for instance, wants an answer to the question "Stands cricket where it did?" he will find it discussed, soberly and intelligently, by a writer who speaks as one having authority without obtruding the fact too forcibly upon the notice of his readers. Of the more permanent features of the book it is sufficient to say that their permanence is fully justified.

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RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Great Topic

THERE are again race meetings North and South this week, but they are only mildly interesting. What we are all waiting for is Epsom, and what racing people want to know is which of the three crack colts will win the Derby. Up to the moment of writing the great race looks like being a three-cornered affair. I had hoped that Bucks Hussar would have something to do with the finish at Epsom, for his stamina seems to be incontrovertible. But what are we to say of that colt after his amazing ineptitude at York last week? He could not have beaten a decent selling plater then, let alone win the Derby. Obviously there was something amiss with Bucks Hussar when he ran on the Knavesmire, and the vets. say it was colic. But to those of us who had invested a little on him "each way" for the Derby the incident was profoundly disquieting. We shall watch his progress at home this week with special interest.

The Pondoland People

DID you ever know such confidence as the Pondoland people are displaying? We saw the colt well beaten by St. Louis in the Two Thousand, yet they have never left off backing him for the Derby. Last week there was only a point between the prices of the two colts. This means, of course, that those connected with Pondoland have decided to wipe out the Guineas running. They think their crack was not beaten on his merits, and they are taking a very practical method of showing that they have the courage of their convictions.

Epsom

BEFORE my next notes appear in print, and with them my final views on the Derby problem, the Epsom meeting will have started. The Woodcote Plate on the opening day is always an interesting affair. It was in this race a year ago that Re-echo successfully made his first appearance. No doubt the Woodcote will again introduce us to one or two smart youngsters. Of the two-year-olds of whom we already know something Scyphius and Duncan Gray seem to be the best. It is not easy to choose between them, but I shall take a chance with **Duncan Gray.** On the same afternoon the Epsom Handicap may be won by **Roman Ruler.** There will be some good racing at the week-end at Lingfield, where **Leighton** seems to have an easy task in the Breeders' Stakes. And, after that, how about the Royal Hunt Cup for Mr. Whineray's hitherto disappointing colt?

POLO NOTES. By A. W. COATEN

The Argentine Players

ALTHOUGH the managers of the London clubs would have liked a good deal more rain for their grounds, which from now until the end of July have to withstand incessant galloping, the polo season has opened successfully enough. I was delighted with the exhibition given by the Argentine players against the Freebooters at Roehampton, but I am bound to admit that when they played in the Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham in the following week they signally failed to maintain the same high standard of polo. It is true they were unable, owing to handicap restrictions, to place their strongest four into the field at Hurlingham, but, even so, the display which the brothers Miles, Mr. Peña, and Mr. Nelson put up against the Royal Automobile Club was disappointing. The visitors will have to do better than that if they are to make their mark in the Whitney Cup this week, to say nothing of the important tournaments of the coming month.

BY "THE TOUT"

ROY POPE, OF ROYSTON

A keen sportsman, who formerly hunted the local pack of harriers, Mr. Pope has made good as a trainer at Royston, where he has some fine gallops for the use of his string. Sangot is one of the many winners he has turned out in recent seasons

A Brilliant Back

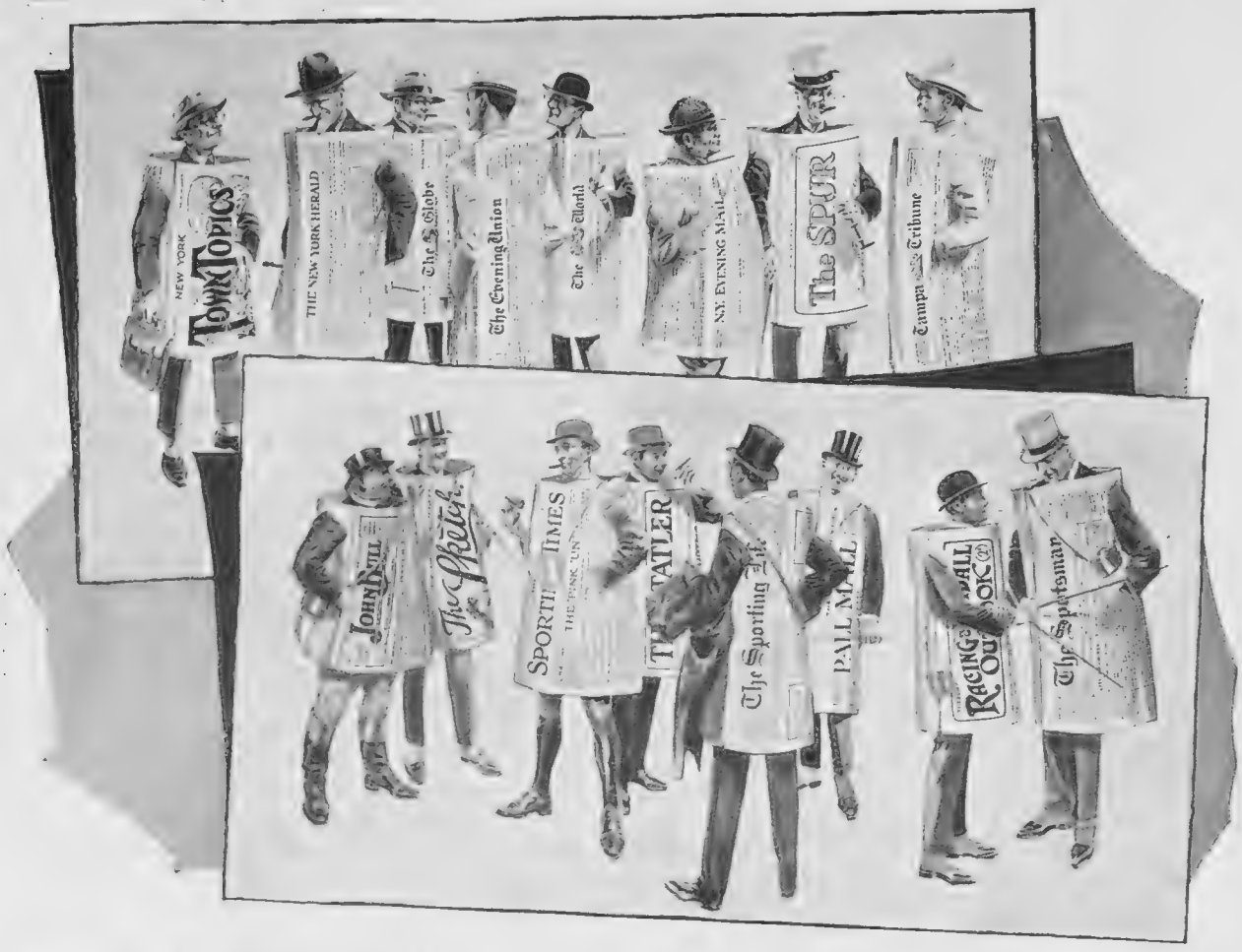
SO far as we can tell at present Mr. Lewis Lacey is undoubtedly the best of the Argentine players. He has not the powerful physique of some of our greatest backs, but he manages to get great length on the ball, and hits it well at all angles. The Duke of Penaranda and Colonel Ashton found it very difficult to beat him at Roehampton, for the Argentine back was well mounted and was very quick to anticipate attacking movements. I noticed that some of the Argentine ponies showed a tendency to slip up on turning during the Roehampton game, but I gather that the visiting players are well pleased with their first experiences of English grounds.

A Thruster

A FEATURE of the tournament at Hurlingham last week was the fine work of Mr. Earl Hopping, a regular thruster in the game. It shows the great strength of the American team last year when they could afford to leave out a player like Mr. Hopping. Mr. Sanford, who plays No. 1 in his team, will see to it that his compatriot is adequately mounted, and in these circumstances I venture to predict that Mr. Hopping will be one of the star performers of the season. It was Mr. Sanford, by the way, who gave 820 guineas for Beatrice at the sale of the International ponies last year, and I doubt whether there is a better-mounted No. 1. What is more, the young American is desperately keen on the game, and is working hard to improve his handicap. Lucky U.S.A. to have such good youngsters in the game as Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Wanamaker, and Mr. Sanford.

AMERICA BACKS BRITISH OPINION—

" Duggie " the Greatest Sportsman in the World.



**New York World, 10/1/22 :* " Douglas Stuart famed throughout the Continent as the Greatest Turf Accountant."

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Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

IF FOUR WALLS TOLD *at the SAVOY*

BY "JINGLE." *ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL*

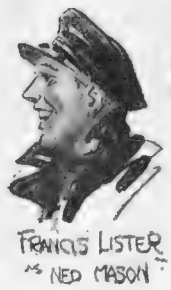
THE speechifying in this play is in one of the musical dialects of the South of England, and it ought to have

a special charm accordingly for the loquacious *parvenu* of to-day, since very few of the usual aspirates are employed. I do not know what the effect of speaking regularly in this dialect will prove to be on the everyday speech of the actors and actresses concerned. There is a legend that some of our ripe old tragedians of bygone days could not keep from speaking in sonorous rhythm even within the hallowed precincts of the Bodega, and we may, therefore, yet hear players of recognised culture and distinction, influenced by their latest parts, informing us that it is a very 'ot day, thus incurring a grave risk of social ostracism. A distinguished scholar once told me that in the course of a rather animated discussion at a fashionable dinner table he had the misfortune to drop an H, and from the way in which his hostess glared at him for his fault, he gathered that she would consider it her duty to take the first opportunity of counting the spoons.

THE story of the play is a slight one, but it is told with a power that grips. It is all about the well-known habit that the ladies have of jumping to wrong conclusions in a hurry (Oh, yes, they have !) The scene throughout the play is laid in the parlour of the Rysings' cottage on the sea-coast. Jan Rysing lives there happily with his young wife, Liz., while a prominent member of the household is David Rysing, Jan's father. The old man has got the usual complaint of age to the effect that nowadays nothing is as good as it used to be. As Mr. *Punch* once remarked, it never was. The first cloud in the sky of the young couple's happiness occurs about the time when a woman of the village dies, leaving her child, Hope Tregoning, born out of wedlock, to the mercy of the world. Jan says he will find a home for the child in his own house. She proves to be a quiet, well-mannered girl of seventeen, with a proper reverence for her mother's memory, in spite of the censorious gossip of the village.

THEN we get Liz's sister, Clare, a young girl whose aim in life is, it would seem, to get the best of everything for herself, and to make all the trouble she can among her neighbours. She asks Liz suggestively why it is that Jan is so keen on giving Hope Tregoning a home. To her distorted mind the answer is obvious. Jan must be the girl's father. Liz hearkens to the dismal assumption and broods on it; and finally charges her husband with this offence against his good name and her own. Jan will neither affirm nor deny the accusation, and when she persists in it, and makes him angry, he grabs her by the neck and tries to throttle her. In my view this is no way for a gentleman to treat a lady. He is very penitent, however, a moment later, and begs forgiveness, but the only reply she gives him is a resounding smack in the face that must be audible in even the remoter corners of the house. For some time after that husband and wife are not, as you might say, on speaking terms,

ETHEL COLERIDGE AS MRS STURGIS


FRANCIS LISTER AS NED MASON

LOUISE HAMPTON AS MRS TIBBETT

although their little stand-up fight ends with the first round.

JAN is next seen sitting at a table feeling at war with everybody, while the wind is blowing outside, and the storm is raging furiously. The scenery here is particularly lively. You not only hear the dismal howling of the wind, but through the window panes of the cottage you can see the bushes outside being blown about wildly with the most realistic effect, and you readily overlook the suspicion that somebody behind must be squirting breezes upon them with a two-horse power cycle-pump or else jerking them back and forth on a little piece of string. It appears to be no end of a storm, and as it is on the coast it is not surprising to hear that soon there is a call to man the lifeboat. Jan, being one of the lifeboatmen, is in his oilskins at once. He wants to kiss his wife good-bye, but in her naughty temper she will not listen to him. Then as the wind rises higher and higher Liz gets afraid. She begins to apprehend that she has sent her man to his death without even the advantage of the last word; and she at once becomes very prayerful. She gets out the family Bible and, in the old-fashioned way, takes a hairpin from her head, and, closing her eyes, points blindly to a section of the page. When she comes to read the verse selected at random she finds it is a precise injunction to wives who have no children of their own to look after the children of others, and she interprets that as a Divine command that she shall love Hope Tregoning.

PRESENTLY they come back and tell her that Jan has been broken all up against a rock, and that his dead body is being brought back home; but happily it does not turn out to be quite so bad as that. Much of the story of the play is carried on by the subsidiary characters, which are extremely well drawn. Old David Rysing, for instance, is a most delightful personality, in spite of his crabbiness. He attends the funeral of another man with keen enjoyment, while at the same time he bitterly resents the suggestion that the time cannot be far off when he himself will be the central figure in a mournful function of the kind. His homely narration of the chequered career of his antiquated top-hat makes the ladies shriek with laughter, mixed up as it is with a whole family history of births, marriages, and deaths. Then there is sister Clare, who is responsible for the atmosphere of suspicion that has come upon the home of the Rysings. She had previously been walking

OLGA LINDO AS HOPE

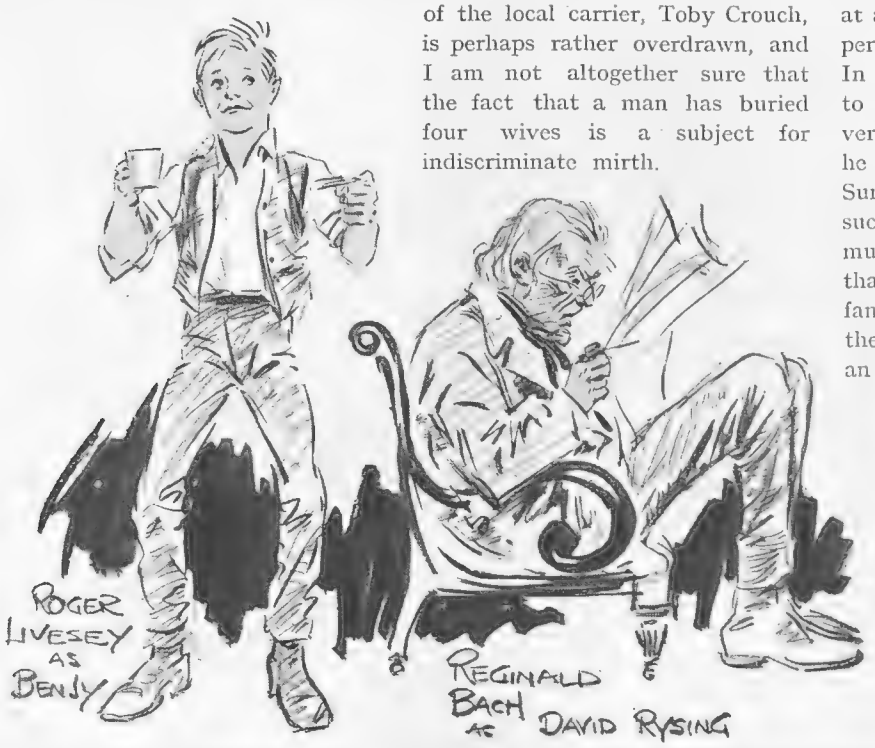
REGINALD BACH AS DAVID RYSING

EDYTH GOODALL AS LIZ RYSING

TRISTAN RAWSON AS JAN.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

out with a young man who, though attractive in himself, has no worldly prospects. But one day the local carrier, a man well on in years, who has survived four wives, tempts her to become his fifth. He tells her that he not only has his carrier's business, but he has six hundred golden sovereigns saved up, and a house of his own and, I daresay, a second-best pair of trousers as well. Some of these quiet, country people are so rich! The character of the local carrier, Toby Crouch, is perhaps rather overdrawn, and I am not altogether sure that the fact that a man has buried four wives is a subject for indiscriminate mirth.



THE part of the boy, Benjy, Liz's young brother, is admirably played by Mr. Roger Livesey. Benjy has come to stay with his sister for a while, and in spite of many hints that his room will be preferred to his company at any time, he hangs on with the persistence of the traditional limpet. In the last act an attempt is made to extract fun from his garbled version of Biblical stories which he claims to have heard from his Sunday School teacher. But the success of such a line of humour must be based on the assumption that ordinary people are sufficiently familiar with Bible stories to note the mistakes he is making, and such an assumption in these days is, I am afraid, rather recklessly optimistic. The love-child, Hope Tregoning, is played with a strange charm and beauty by Miss Olga Lindo, while Mr. Tristan Rawson and Miss Edyth Goodall, as Mr. and Mrs. Rysing, act with a brilliancy that is a liberal education in itself. It is a very satisfying entertainment in every way. JINGLE

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By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

PAGES' SUITS

In our Children's Outfitting Department we are showing a number of extremely pretty suits for little boys, suitable for wedding functions, etc.

CHARMING MODEL IN PAGE'S SUIT FOR LITTLE BOYS, the trousers of deep blue satin and blouse of good quality ivory georgette, trimmed little picot frills and small blue satin buttons; waistband finished with brilliant buckle.

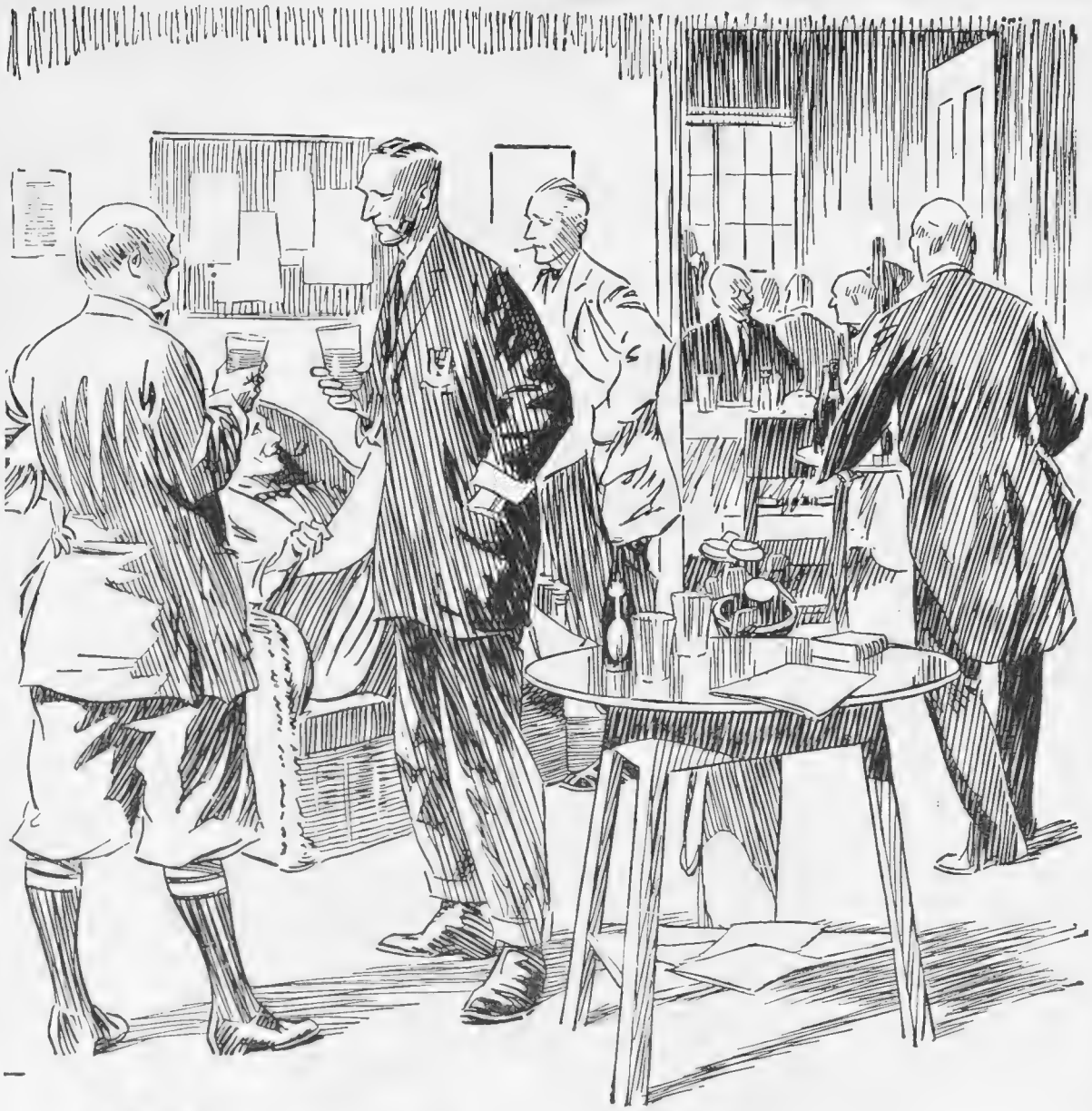
Size for		Price
2 years		7 gns.
" " 3 "		7½ "
" " 4 "		8 "

Can be made to order in other shades.

Cannot be sent on approval

Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, London, W.

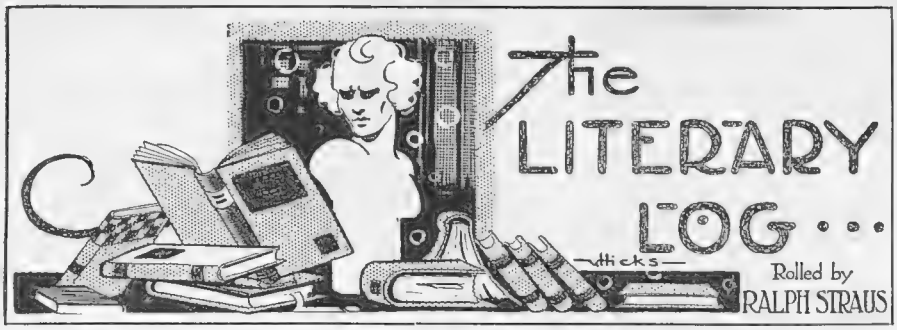


Barclay's London Lager

AFTER a morning's golf, when you reach the Club House, hungry for lunch—a nutty heart of celery, new bread warm from the oven, cheese, and a glass of foaming—

Barclay's London Lager

Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S.E.



IF I am asked to describe Arnold Bennett's new novel, *Mr. Prohack* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), I say only two things. It is cramful of Bennett, and I have enjoyed every page. But if I am invited to say in what way it is to be taken, I change the conversation. Is it farce or satire or neither? I don't know, and I don't very much care. I have always maintained that Bennett is the only man in the world able to describe a table or a porter or a postage-stamp in such a manner as to leave me unsatisfied until I have made their respective acquaintances. Here the story concerns a Treasury official who after the War is feeling the pinch. An unexpected legacy of the hugest dimensions arrives, and Mr. Prohack finds himself in the hands of Fate, or rather Fate and Mrs. Prohack. His wife launches out; so do his children in their different ways. Mr. Prohack works hard at being really idle, and at first doesn't enjoy it. But all this does not matter; what does matter is that Bennett is at pains to tell you all about Mr. Prohack and his money and his new home, and everything that he tells you is superlatively good. Don't miss *Mr. Prohack* whatever you do.

⁂

AFTER an interval of nearly five years Mr. Alec Waugh gives us his second novel. Its publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, admitted in one of those jolly advertisements of his in the *Times Literary Supplement* that he was unusually nervous: could such a phenomenal success as *The Loom of Youth* had enjoyed be repeated? Well, *The Lonely Unicorn* (Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is now published, and you may judge for yourselves. The title is sufficiently odd, and yet, after reading this story of a young man, you admit that it is admirably fitting. Roland Whateley makes one side—the material side—of his life a success, but all the while it seems as though a malignant fate were forcing him somehow into an uncomfortable corner by himself.

⁂

IT is the girls, of course, who cause all the trouble. It is a girl of the people who is the cause of Roland's early, though not enforced, departure from school. It is poor, faithful April, that nice little girl living so near to his own home, who by her very love makes him say and do things which seem to say and do themselves. It is a tragedy when the fathers and mothers (very beautifully sketched in, by the way) come together and agree that April and Roland are to wed. Yet he does love her in a way, even after a lucky chance has taken him into a new caste of folk. Here there is the woman who, one imagines, is the one woman of all others for him, but she is married, out of his reach, and poor Roland, not too surprisingly, proposes to this woman's niece but a few days before his engagement to April is to be publicly announced. It would seem that you would here lose all sympathy with the fellow, but, somehow, you don't. Yet, when he is married to Muriel, and a partner in her father's firm, when, too, he has definitely thrown off the shackles of youth, what manner of man is he? The book ends, and you are left to draw what conclusions you please. I suspect that Mr. Waugh had a mind at one time to show us his Roland after marriage; if so, there is still time to do it. As it stands, the book shows its still youthful author as a writer to be carefully watched. The book is interesting throughout, and some of the scenes are unusually fine.

⁂

MR. SHANE LESLIE'S Eton story, *The Oppidan* (Chatto and Windus: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) may shock some Old Etonians—not, I hasten to add, on account of its morals, but because it contains so many recognisable portraits—and will interest those who like to read of school life. It is in no sense a provocative book like *The Loom of Youth*, and it is not particularly dramatic. On the other hand, it bears the stamp of reality, and although the folk that it tells of belong to a score of years back, you may find in its pages a vivid presentment of Etonian life as it is to-day.

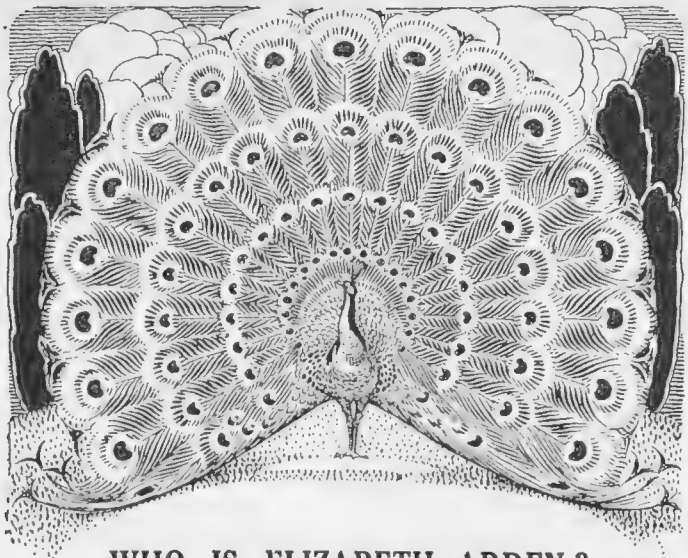
⁂

MR. NOEL COWARD'S little joke, *A Withered Nosegay* (Christophers: 5*s.* net), deserves a warm welcome. You remember those fat volumes of memoirs—so popular before the War—which rehashed up all the ancient scandals of erstwhile beautiful ladies? Well, Mr. Coward has cleverly hit off the silliest characteristics of those silly books, and been lucky enough to find Miss Macnaughtan ready with the right kind of illustrations. It is not very difficult to do, of course, and one or two brilliant chances Mr. Coward seems to have missed; but *A Withered Nosegay* passes an agreeable half-hour, and cries for some sort of a sequel. R. S.

Photograph "*Reutlinger,*" *Cannes*

A CIRO SUCCESS

Samya and Sawyer, who made a phenomenal success at Monte Carlo this season, are now dancing nightly at Ciro's Club in London, and seem to be repeating their triumphs. Their technique is perfect, and the result is something very different from the usual type of exhibition dancing seen these days. Samya is French, Sawyer an American



WHO IS ELIZABETH ARDEN?

IS she painter, sculptor, musician, writer? The name is vaguely familiar, linked with memories of beauty.

It is a lovely, haunting name.

You may have heard it in New York, in Paris. You may have heard it on the lips of friends or of travelling acquaintances.

Wherever women of the *haute monde* assemble in the great cities of the world ELIZABETH ARDEN'S name is familiarly spoken of as a creator—a creator of beauty. She is the acknowledged authority on the cult of beauty in woman.

Undoubtedly you have seen some of ELIZABETH ARDEN'S masterpieces though they do not bear the signature of the creator.

She teaches women that they themselves are nature's masterpieces, obscured may be by some remediable defect, but masterpieces nevertheless.

ELIZABETH ARDEN has come to London to establish in person at 25, Old Bond Street, a Salon that will be an inspiration to the already beautiful, a revelation to those who have hitherto considered themselves "plain."

She has much to tell that women will want to hear, and to many a ten minutes' conversation with ELIZABETH ARDEN has meant a change from the mere dreariness of existence to the radiant joys of physical well-being and hitherto unachieved beauty.

Her boundless enthusiasm reacts on those who come to her discouraged. She sees the elements of beauty where they have been considered non-existent. She laughs at the threatening finger of Old Age knowing how often she has conquered that ancient enemy of woman's charm.

It is worth your while to make acquaintance with Elizabeth Arden without delay.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
25·OLD BOND ST·LONDON·W

673·FIFTH AVENUE·NEW YORK·255·RUE ST·HONORÉ·PARIS

"They are exactly like my real string, and could not possibly be told from Real."

A lady who had a "dreadful accident" with her real pearl necklet, replaced it with

Ciro Pearls

and she thus describes the success she obtained with same.

"I received the pearls this morning, and am delighted with them. They are exactly like my real string were, and could not possibly be told from real. The following remark from my husband, who is supposed to be a judge of pearls, will tell you that they are satisfactory. I put your pearls on this morning as soon as I received them, and my husband, who does not know of the dreadful accident I had with my real string, said, 'I wondered when you were going to wear them again'—meaning my real pearls. Then he took a close look and said, 'I am jolly proud of that transaction.' He got my pearls through a business deal, and you may know from these remarks how satisfied I am."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application.

Our only address in Great Britain **Ciro Pearls Ltd.** 39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7. We have no Agents or Branches

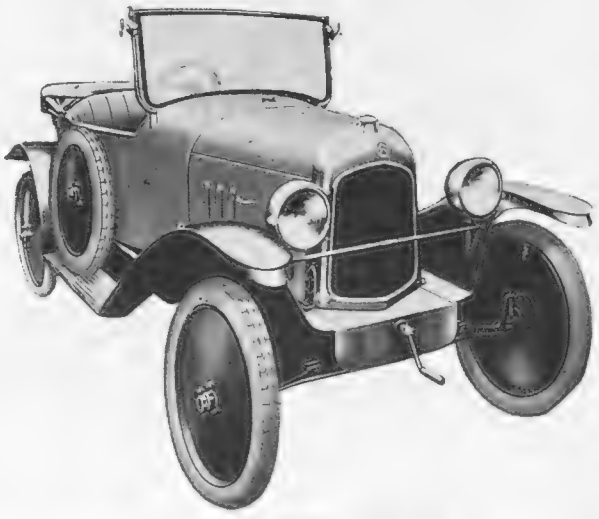
Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly

MOTOR-NOTES

MOTORISTS touring in Scotland in the Whit week of June might note that the Royal Scottish Automobile Club are running their revived six days' reliability trials at that time. Also that there are forty-four cars entered for these "light" car trials, from tiny Stoneleigh 9 h.p. to 11 h.p. super-powered Aston-Martin, so that the hotels on the route will be fairly full with the competitors, officials, and hangers-on like yours truly. Personally, I like Scotland as a motoring centre second to none, but I propose to roll round the 1,000 miles' tour in a comfy Daimler. No light car for me over some of those rough mountain passes, full of pot-holes, but it will be great fun watching the other fellows jump about over them.

* * *

THERE are no freak hills or rubbish of that sort in these trials, so that anybody can expect to be able to drive even the smallest car over the route, but the time schedule will be very strict. Perhaps that is why the genial R. J. Smith, the Secretary of the Club, has been bombarded lately with letters from simple (?) motorists asking for the route so that they can avoid same. But R. J. S. is too old a bird to be caught with that kind of salt, so the route still remains wropt in mystery until the route cards are to be handed out to the competitors on Whit-Monday, when they all start from Glasgow. No trial trips this time, anyway, to test gear ratios.



THE VERY LATEST CITROËN

This 7.5 h.p. Citroën has a 4-cylinder water-cooled engine, differential, electric lighting and starting, 5 Michelin wheels and tyres, and 2-seater body complete. The price is but 250 guineas, from the sole concessionaires, Gaston, Ltd., who have just opened new showrooms at 60, Piccadilly, London, W.1

AUSTIN cars seem to be selling quite well, if all one hears from the dealers can be relied upon, and I see no reason why they should "pitch the tale" to me, as they have nothing to gain by it. Anyway, I borrowed a 12 h.p. Austin recently for a day to see how it ran, and I am very pleased with it. In design it is very little different to the bigger 20 h.p. Austin, and the engine pulls very well. It is slightly bigger than the "light car" class, so it carries a four-seater interior-drive, or coupé, very comfortably. I think it is one of the best bargains on the market in this form, as it really is a small carriage—an owner-driver's carriage—as distinct from a car. The brakes are quite efficient, both the propeller-shaft brake or those on the back wheels pulling it up well in emergencies, and it changes gear either up or down for its four forward speeds without any trouble. The aluminium pistons help to add to its rapid acceleration, while the pedals are easily adjusted to suit the length of nether limbs of the driver. It is rated at 12.8 h.p., and is a better car than any of the pre-War 15 h.p. ratings, good as some of them were.

(*Continued on page 532*)

Prominent Motor Journalists See SHELL Tested

4. Mr. J. OWEN:

. . . The other day I was invited to witness some laboratory tests of different fuels carried out for the "Shell" Company by a new process which cost many thousands of pounds to erect, and which leaves no possible margin of error in determining the amount of work done by each fuel. ***In every case "Shell" motor spirit went further than the others,*** and it is satisfactory to know that this plant is now being worked continuously to ensure, in so far as this company is concerned, that the public shall have the best petrol available at the ruling prices.—*The Referee.*

SHELL

To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and Shell Motor Lubricating OIL

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2
Write for Leaflet, "IN THE TEST-HOUSE"

A trial run convinces

IT is a significant fact that a trial run in the 19·6 h.p. Crossley always proves the deciding factor in its purchase. In other words, an actual test convinces the purchaser of the car's all-round excellence.

The 19·6 h.p. Crossley can be driven on top gear at five miles per hour and rapidly accelerated to sixty. Fuel consumption results are better than those of any other car of similar capacity.

Every part is readily accessible, and altogether the 19·6 h.p. Crossley is a car which can be looked after with a minimum of trouble and expense.

Five seated Touring model, £895

Full details of this and other models gladly sent on request.

The 19·6 h.p.

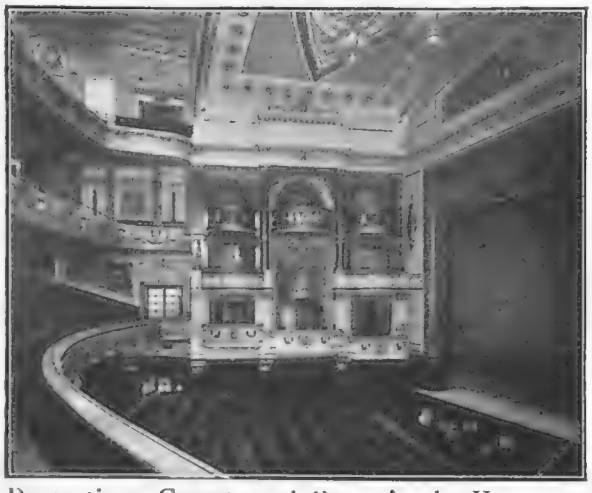
Crossley

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DEPT.,
40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.

"THE NEW OLD DRURY

Messrs. Hamptons' Triumph"

"THOSE who viewed the new Old Drury will agree that the Management have amply succeeded in their determination that henceforth Drury Lane shall be as supreme in comfort and attractiveness as it has hitherto been in historical associations. All the recognised experts in theatre decoration were invited to originate and submit schemes. Having secured the contract, in open competition, by the merits of their colour schemes, Hampton and Sons immediately concentrated upon the work all the resources of their studios and workshops, with the result that the interior now presents to the eye a wealth of classic beauty and regal sumptuousness unsurpassed by any other theatre in the world, the colour scheme as a whole being remarkable for a richness never before equalled even by Hamptons. Throughout the entire house the carpets are of heavy pile Wilton, in a most attractive shade of petunia, taken from a rare and remarkably interesting antique Chinese rug. The other dominating colours of the scheme are pearl grey relieved with Italian pink and Wedgwood blue, in combination with bronze gilt to all the carved and modelled enrichments.



Decorations, Carpets and Draperies by Hamptons

"In the extremely handsome curtains and draperies, Hamptons have excelled themselves. The tableaux curtain, with its fine pelmet, and all the box draperies are of a rich Chinese yellow velvet, expressly woven for this theatre. The velvet is handsomely embroidered with a design in the Empire style, in azure blue and gold, the whole effect being a dominating feature of the general decorative scheme.

"All that has been written in praise of the beauty of the house is a testimonial to the resources and artistic ability of Hamptons, who also were responsible for repainting and redecorating the whole of the exterior, all the rest of the redecoration, all interior painting of offices, staircases, exits, entrances, etc., and all the carpetings and hangings throughout the theatre."—*The ERA*, 19th April, 1922.

Other notable features of the Decorative Scheme are : —

The remarkably impressive Proscenium arch, which rises from bases of black marble relieved by bands of Sienna. In delightful contrast with these are the mouldings of this vast arch, which are coloured to represent lapis lazuli. At the sides of this immense and strikingly beautiful auditorium are some very decorative monochrome panels after Fragonard, reproducing many of his familiar designs, notably his famous "Fontaine d'Amour" now in the Wallace collection. Passing through the famous Rotunda, we reach the two Grand Staircases, called respectively, "The King's Side" and "The Prince's Side." The French stuc walls of these staircases are enriched with six hand-painted tapestries, also by Hamptons, in the Gobelin manner, depicting scenes from Shakespeare's plays, "As you like it," "Love's labour's lost," "Twelfth Night," "Henry VIII," "Richard II," and "Taming of the Shrew." These are in sunk panels and framed in bronzed, reeded frames.

All the above-mentioned, together with the entire decorations, carpeting, and hangings throughout the theatre, were created and carried out by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

VICHY (France)

First-class Thermal Establishment

Season from May till October.

The Vichy Waters are prescribed for Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Diabetes, Congestion of the Liver, Stomach Troubles and affections of the Digestive Organs, Kidneys, Bladder, etc.

Vichy is situated at the foot of the Auvergne Mountains, surrounded by charming country, and the Establishment is considered to be the finest in the world.

Casino, Golf, Tennis, Horse Racing.

Hotel RADIO : Hotel and Restaurant under medical control ; especially equipped for those visitors wishing to DIET.

Six Hours from Paris by Direct Train.

WITHOUT A RIVAL

Mr. H. Massac Buist, writing in the *Morning Post* of 1/4/22, states : "I do not know any proposition that directly rivals the Citroën." Immediate deliveries are available.

CITROËN DE LUXE

395 Gns.

11.4 h.p. 4-Seater

Electric Lighting and Starting; 5 Michelin Wheels and Tyres; 36 miles per gallon.

Sole Concessionaires:

GASTON, Ltd.,

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Send for the Citroën Book 2A.

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Week-End Cases to take Our Fittings

Quality of material and faultless finish are the distinguishing features of Harrods Week-end Cases.

Harrods undertake Repairs of all kinds to Dressing and Travelling Cases. Expert workmen in Harrods own workshops carry out Repairs promptly and efficiently. Estimates free.

LADY'S WEEK-END CASE, of real hand-sewn Morocco leather, in Blue, Purple, or Brown, lined Moiré and fitted with best English lever locks. Ample pockets for personal fittings. 22 x 15 x 6½ inches, £7 10 0. 20 x 14 x 6½ inches £6 15 0. 18 x 13 x 6½ inches

£5 . 19 . 6

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

IF the new 12 h.p. Daimler, that we are promised shortly, is half as good as the present new 20 h.p. Daimler, motorists are going to get a nice addition to their choice of pleasure driving cars. For whether you best like side-by-side, overhead, or sleeve-valve engines, all the Daimler cars are pleasant and comfortable to drive. There was a nice new 20 h.p. Daimler at Brooklands at the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club's second meeting recently, when the T.T. motor-cycles had a preliminary "dust up" on the track before going over to the Island for the sterner road race. The winner of the 250 c.c. lightweight class at the meeting was J. V. Prestwich on a 2¼ h.p. New Imperial J. A. P. machine, which fairly outdistanced the other light weights, and many of the 2¾ h.p. jiggers. The Junior T.T. winner was E. Remington on a 2¾ h.p. Blackburne, though C. G. Pullin on a Douglas nearly got home first, but had trouble on the last lap of this 70½ miles race, and finished second after leading for 25 laps out of the 26 laps run. In the Senior T. T., J. Emerson on the 3½ h.p. Douglas won, after being hunted the whole 81½ miles by the Triumph riders, who finished after him in second and third places. In fact, the steady running of the Triumph machines lead me to fancy them for the road race at the time of writing, though they were 10 miles an hour slower than the winning Douglas, whose speed was the wonderful record of nearly 79 miles an hour—actually 78.93 m.p.h.—and created a new hour and a new 50 mile record. To actually ride 78 miles 1601 yards in an hour seems almost incredible for 3½ h.p., yet Pullin on the Douglas did it. Congratulations to all concerned, say I, and every other "free-roader."

IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY
A Wolseley "ten" near Alfold Crossways, on the London-Arundel road

* *
*

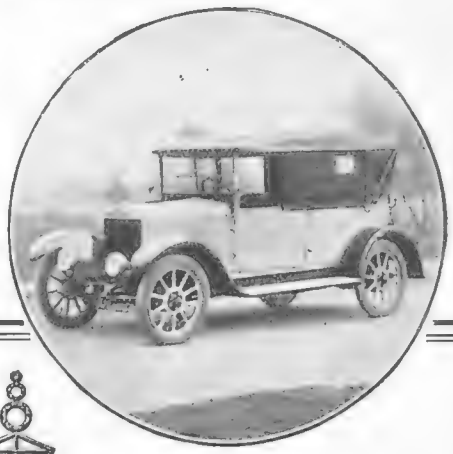
MY friends in the daily and technical Press will be full of joy to know that a Bill is being presented to the French Parliament to make it compulsory to add 10 per cent. of alcohol to all petrol used in that country. It will let them loose on that favourite topic "home-made fuel." Perhaps they will tell folk like poor me, how to mix it, as though in the early days I have driven home on whisky, that was with a very empty petrol tank, and with much spluttering. For some wise chemist once whispered in my ear that alcohol and benzol and naptha made a fine fuel, but alcohol and petrol did not amalgamate or coincide or chemically unite or some other fancy marriage term, but it is so long ago I have forgotten. Perhaps it was turpentine in place of naptha in his patent prescription for home-made fuel, but anyhow I fancy there is little alcohol to spare for motor-car tanks nowadays; it is all wanted for—well! what's yours? OLD HY.

"The most improved Car of 1922."

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.
HEAD OFFICE: MOORFIELD WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.
London Showrooms & Export Dept. .. 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
Manchester Showrooms .. .. 106, Deansgate.
Southern Service and Repair Works .. 177, The Vale, Acton, London, W.3.
Northern Service and Repair Works 288/94, Eccles New Road, Weaste, Manchester.
British Sunbeam Motors Agency Inc., 25, West 57th Street, New York.

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES 100-1,000 h.p.



Registered Trade Mark.

The All British
Standard

Light 2 & 4-Seaters: 8 & 11 h.p.

SPECIALLY designed for the Owner-Driver. Light in weight and in running costs. Patent Hood and Side Curtains afford complete protection in any weather. 11 h.p. (Rating 13.9) 2-Seater, £515. 4-Seater, £525.

Send for particulars.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

COUNT · THEM · ON · THE · ROAD

AERTEX CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, SHIRTS, SHEETS, Etc.

THE LITTLE FAIRY OF GOOD HEALTH SAYS—

Aertex lowers the heat handicap

At business or sport excessive heat is a bogey. There are days of glorious sunshine, and nice warm days—and we're glad in them. Then comes the time of clammy, pore-clogging swelterers—and we seek coolness, often the wrong way.

The fact is, coolness, like beauty, is just *skin* deep. Keep your pores *aired* and you'll keep cool—even on the hottest days.

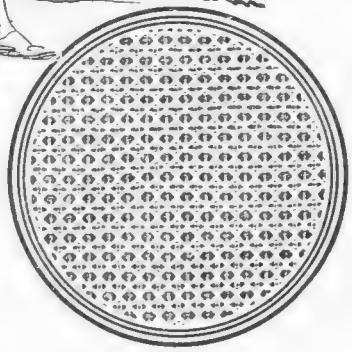
It's only natural. Nature cools the earth with breezes—*air in motion*. Let air circulate next your skin to equalise your temperature and you'll be cool and fresh and fit for the game.

To do this, wear Aertex—made from a fabric scientifically woven to permit free access of the air to your skin.

Aertex contains hundreds of tiny cells—air cushions (see the photograph) forming an efficient pore-refreshing system—ensuring for the wearer, comfort, health, coolness and—freedom from colds and chills.

Hundreds of thousands enjoyed the advantages of Aertex during last year's record summer—its value is proved.

This summer—let Aertex keep *you* cool.



The AERTEX Cellular principle of fabric construction allows for the free circulation of even-temperature air next to the skin, stimulating and refreshing the tissues with fresh supplies of health-giving oxygen, preventing chills.

AERTEX is the ideal wear for summer days. Prove its value to-day.

Look for the Aertex label on all genuine Aertex goods — refuse imitations.

Wear **AERTEX** cellular

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. SHIRTS. SHEETS. ETC.

Reduced Prices

Write for 1922 Catalogue, giving full range and prices of garments, etc., together with name of nearest retail depot to
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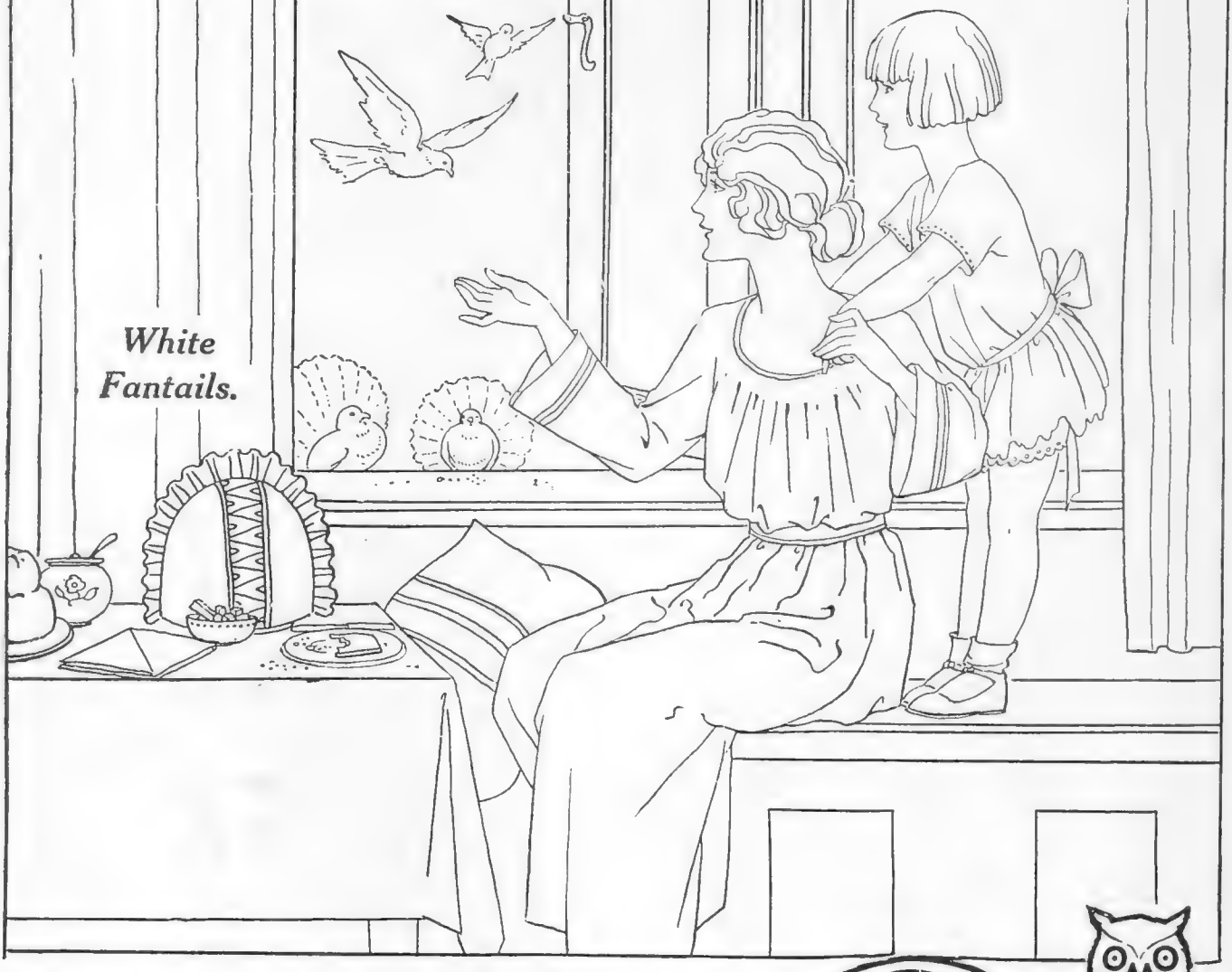
Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
Aberystwyth—Arthur Owen, North Parade.
Aldershot—Thomas White & Co., Ltd.
Bath—E. & H. Deane, 9, Edgar Buildings.
Bexhill—Wheatley Brothers, St. Leonard's Road.
Blackpool—E. R. Green & Son, Bank Hey Street.
Bournemouth—A. Barrett, Seabourne Rd., P'dn.
Bradford—Brown, Muff & Co., Market Street.
Bridlington—H. D. Green, Royal Arc.
Buxton—J. W. Potter, London House.
Cambridge—J. Taylor & Co., Sidney Street.
Coventry—Hayward & Son, Broadgate.
Croydon—Pickford & Newton, George Street.
Eastbourne—Bobby & Co., Terminus Road.
Exeter—E. Sebley, High Street.
Glasgow—Arneil & Yuill, Gordon Street.
Harrogate—Allen & Son, Prospect Crescent.
Hull—T. Gillett, King Edward Street.
Ilfracombe—Pugsley & Son, High Street.
Ilkley—Barker Brothers, Leeds Road.
Ipswich—Grimwade & Son, Cornhill.
Leamington—Francis & Sons, Bath Street.
Leeds—Hyam & Co., Briggate.
Liverpool—Wilkinson Brothers, South Road Waterloo.
Manchester—Craston & Son, Oldham Street
Middlesboro'—A. W. Foster, Linthorpe Road
Newcastle-on-Tyne—E. Robson, Grey Street.
Oxford—A. Shepherd, Cornmarket.
Paignton—F. Spry, 20, Victoria Street.
Plymouth—Perkin Bros., Union Street.
Scarboro'—Rowntree & Sons, Westborough.
Sheffield—J. B. Eaton, Ltd., Angel Street.

OMO

BLEACHER-CLEANSER-PURIFIER.



White Fantails.

FINE feathers make fine birds—fine linen makes home beautiful, and OMO makes linen white and fresh. The pure whiteness of table linen washed and bleached with OMO gives joy to the eye and zest to the appetite.

OMO has all the bleaching qualities of pure country air, but the clothes must be boiled to make the oxygen properties fully effective.

NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS, OR FLANNELS.

Put the white things into cold water with OMO, bring to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse and hang to dry.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

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The Editor of The Bystander offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS to readers in Great Britain and Ireland for the best title to the picture (No. 8) reproduced on page 492 of this issue. Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to:—

BYSTANDER TITLE COMPETITION No. 8,
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.

All attempts must reach this office not later than Wednesday, June 7. The Editor's decision will be final

TITLE.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

COUPON

THE
Bystander Title Competition No. F1.

The Editor of The Bystander offers the following prizes to Foreign and Colonial readers for the best title to the picture (No. F. 1) reproduced in our issue of May 3.

1st Prize, £10 2nd Prize, £5 3rd Prize, £3

Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to:—

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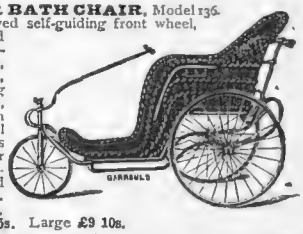

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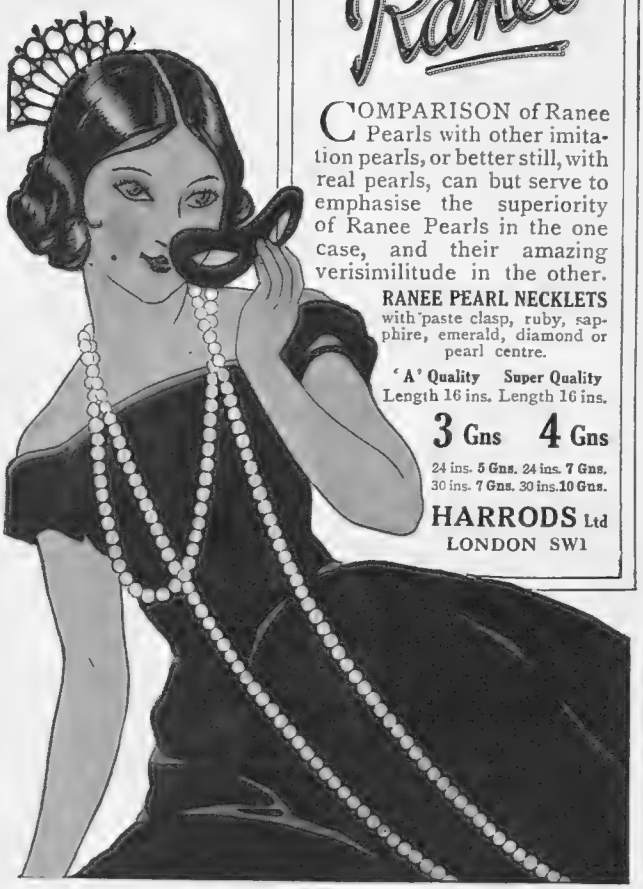

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with paste clasp, ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' Quality	Super Quality
Length 16 ins.	Length 16 ins.
3 Gns	**4 Gns**
24 ins. **5 Gns.**	24 ins. **7 Gns.**
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In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

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Pronounced by the leading Golfers to be the best Golf Coat yet invented, the expanding pleats giving the wearer perfect freedom in any position.

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ATTRACTIVE VOILE BLOUSES FOR WHITSUNTIDE

This practical and becoming Blouse is adapted from one of the newest French models, and is made entirely by hand by our own workers from reliable quality white voile.

ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE (as sketch) in reliable quality white voile, prettily shaped revers, with separate collar which can be worn outside the coat, trimmed hand embroidery and veinings. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

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Catalogue post free.

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THE early impression of shoes on a child's feet remains for good—or bad. In childhood, the soft bones of the feet, carrying the weight of an extremely active little body, stand in constant need of support. From lack of proper support in their everyday shoes, thousands of little children suffer much discomfort, and the trouble increases past curing if permitted. It is not a temporary matter, but one which quickly becomes chronic if not dealt with at once.

"START-RITE" Boots and Shoes for Children prevent weakness, the invisible instep support and the supporting heel prevent any tendency to tread over on the inside of the shoe. "START-RITE" Shoes are beautiful shoes of the very best quality, perfect in shape, allowing plenty of room for the toes and development of the foot, fitting closely round the ankle. Every "START-RITE" model is as good as can be, and every pair will set some little child on the road of Good Foot Impressions.

START-RITE

Patented

Boots and Shoes for Children.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.

This diagram shows the invisible extension of the ordinary leather stiffener you can feel in any shoe. This extension prevents the instep dropping.

If your Shoemaker does not yet stock Start-Rite Boots and Shoes, send a card and we will tell you the name of our nearest agents.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD., NORWICH.

Famous for Fine Footwear since 1792.

Lady with Faded Hair: "*My dear, how young you look. Your hair is wonderful.*"

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Women who study their appearance are looking years younger than their Mothers did at their age. Women are refusing to look old before they need by neglecting their hair and allowing it to fade, grey and lose its colour, now that Ladies' Hairdressers everywhere are able to restore absolutely natural and long-lasting natural colouring to the hair.

A woman's prime of life is so short without the wonderful hair colouring used and known everywhere as "Inecto-Rapid." *With "Inecto-Rapid" a woman doubles that span of her life in which her charms are at their best.*

A Royal Princess writes:—"'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction," and every woman who has once enjoyed its beauty-aiding hair colour restoring and preserving advantages would not be without it "for worlds."

All the leading Ladies' Hairdressers apply it within 15 to 30 minutes—according to the quantity of hair to be treated. Or it can be self-applied at home.

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SUNNY days and happy people! Sunburnt children busy with spades and pails, jolly parties playing "Ring o' Roses" in the surf, happy families picnicking on the cliffs, sturdy ramblers tramping cheerfully over moors or downs . . . . it is holiday time! There are pictures all around you. Start your book of happy memories now! Treat yourself to a Kodak to-day! Take this year's holiday happiness home in picture form. Remember you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

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Kodak

All Kodaks and Brownies have been reduced in price. Here are two popular models.

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Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks and Brownies.

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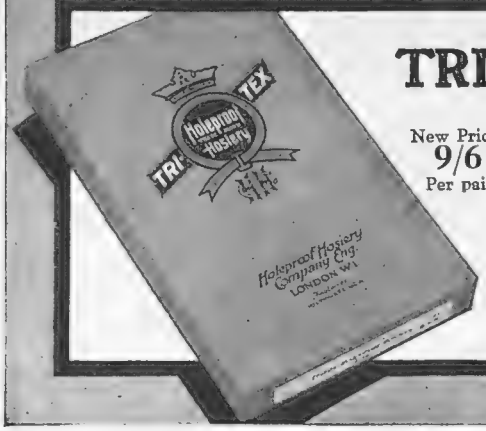

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New Price
9/6
Per pair

Which shade do you require, Silver, Camel, Cloud? The Holeproof Hosiery Company, established in this country fifteen years, have registered the word TRITEX to distinguish their hosiery from miserable imitations. Do not send money by post, the best shop in each district stocks TRITEX SILK STOCKINGS packed in the Yellow Box ONLY. All colours, price 9/6 per pair.

For nearest Agent write:

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IS THE HEADGEAR OF DISTINCTION

The Coolpad Cap, as supplied to Royalty, has many advantages. Of admirable workmanship and first-class material, it is worn by all who take an interest in their appearance, and have a desire for comfort. By means of a patent pad—the cool pad—the head is kept cool even in the hottest weather, while the discomfort caused by perspiration is prevented. In Winter the Cap keeps the head warm, and the pad, being non-absorbent, prevents those ugly grease stains which disfigure ordinary sporting headgear so much.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
wearing the Coolpad Cap supplied to him.

The Coolpad is the most comfortable Cap ever produced, and no matter how hot or cold the weather may be, the comfort is always there. A Coolpad Cap, an exact copy of the one supplied to the Prince of Wales, will be forwarded to you, carefully packed and registered, post free, upon receipt of your postal order for **One Guinea.** As we wish to fit you perfectly please send your exact measurements, and address your correspondence to—

J. YOUNG,
Coolpad Cap Dept. (B),
10 Buchanan St. Glasgow.

stating your requirements as to colour. Every order will be dealt with in strict rotation. This offer extends to any part of the world, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

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SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR.

16 in.,	5/9	22 in.,	15/9
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Any length to order.

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Miss Neat

when good shoes are fitted with Phillips 'PRESIDENT' light rubber soles. 'Presidents' are most comfortable and entirely *invisible in wear.* For everyday service in all weathers they are a worth-while economy.

"PRESIDENT" SOLES	Per pair.
Men's	3/-
Ladies'	2/-
Small Children's	1/3
"PRESIDENT" HEELS	
Men's 1/3 and 1/6 pair	
Ladies' 9d. and 1/- ,,	

Fixing extra.

Phillips RUBBERS

"Last the time of three"

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Chic Summer Costumes

THE love of a coat and skirt is far too deeply engrained in the hearts of all English and American women to be lightly disregarded. Plain or *habillée*, these meet certain needs and occasions the best of frocks are incapable of fulfilling. And, unquestionably, where older women are concerned, there is nothing to surpass the smart, impressive tailor-made. And it is models after this *genre*, together with models more youthful in character, that are always to be found in such attractive array at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. The presiding head of the dress and costume department here has a quite remarkable *flair* for the more dressy type of coat and skirt, hence the speedy recognition accorded a certain boldly patterned wool and silk lace for the fashioning of hip-length coats.

This, a delightfully novel departure, is especially seasonable effected in white, as depicted in the accompanying sketch, worn with a white gabardine skirt, to which an enhancing note of colour relief is provided in a lining of yellow chiffon, the coat being, furthermore, bound with deep hems of the gabardine.

The style is ideally cool, as the jacket is just a loose *sac*, with straight, wide sleeves, the fronts closed at a low line by a pearl button, ornamented with tiny, dull silver *boules*. Nor is the price of ten guineas at all excessive for a costume that could be worn at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, or, indeed, at Ascot itself, and is also available in heliotrope and a delicate mastic.

On a pale grey summer gabardine there is introduced a light, tasteful embroidery of small beads, these forming radiating lines up the back of the *basque* from a scroll design, and repeated on the handsome adjustable collar. There is, furthermore, to be seen in these *salons* an aluminium-grey model, originally trimmed with small wheel rosettes of the same, mounted on inset lines of ivory cloth, the type of coat and skirt that goes so well with some smart, vivid coloured *chapeau*, to which the ultra-fastidious will doubtless add a sunshade.

Then in response to the prevailing demand, Shoolbreds have secured some especially exclusive black and white plaids for skirts. The quality and character of these is so superlatively good they make up quite as effectively plain as pleated; in fact, the former handling appeals more persuasively than the pleats, which the *vox populi* are rapidly vulgarising. Shoolbred's price for the skirts is 39*s.* 6*d.*, and the wear will account satisfactorily for every penny.

A COURT COIFFURE

Those who have bobbed their hair must be faced with real difficulty if they have been summoned to the first Court, as the posing of the regulation feathers is well nigh impossible with such short hair. A visit to Maison Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1, will immediately solve this difficulty, as the illustration shows, for his toupet or transformation may be worn by the youngest without fear of detection

AN ASCOT MODEL

This is an exceptionally seasonable type of coat and skirt, the latter being of white gabardine, to which an enhancing note of colour relief is provided in a lining of yellow chiffon, the coat being, furthermore, bound with a deep hem of the gabardine

Sketched at Shoolbred's by Betty Nisbet

Court Coiffures

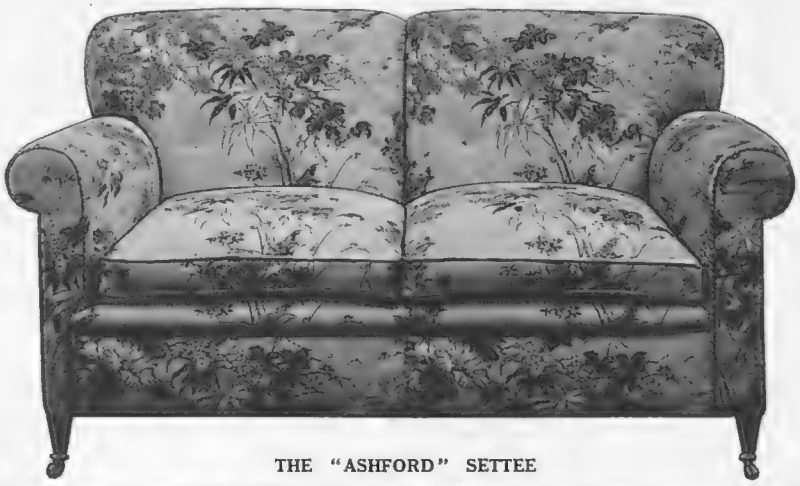
IN connection with the forthcoming Courts on June 8, nothing perhaps is giving greater cause for consideration than the arranging of the coiffure. Those who have recklessly indulged in bobbed hair are faced with a real difficulty in the posing of the regulation feathers, unless, of course, they wisely and at once resort to adventitious aid in the guise of a *toupet*.

The veil naturally covers up coiffural deficiences at the back, but there must be something to which the feathers can be attached and supported. A something, too,

that has a more important and harmonious appearance with feathers than a cropped head.

Well, M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1, will at once solve this difficulty with his "La Naturelle" *toupet* or transformation, additions that the youngest face may safely essay without the least fear of detection, the more so as these exquisitely fashioned accessories can be dressed in any way as though grown on the head.

In fact, a "La Naturelle" transformation is the finest solution for dealing with bobbed hair during the process of growing, or, indeed, with any poor growth or defects, not to mention the comfort these provide to all and sundry, who have always at hand a perfectly ordered, naturally wavy, hair adjunct. A *toupet* at five guineas and transformation at twelve guineas both represent sound investments, and for the convenience of those who have not the ready cash to lay out there is the "Times" system of extended payments to fall back upon. M. Georges' catalogue *de luxe* can be had on application.



THE "ASHFORD" SETTEE

An exceptionally comfortable affair with deep spring seat and loose feather cushions, the one end adjustable so that it can be converted into a reclining sofa. Williamson and Cole, of Clapham, are offering this at the exceptional price of 14 guineas

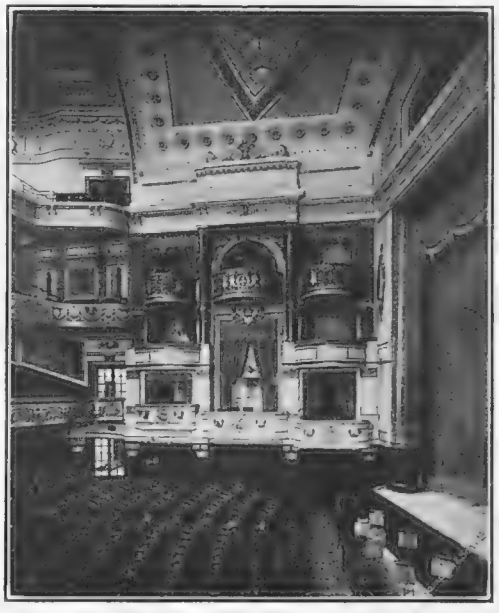
The Epitome of Comfort

A VERITABLE revolution is taking place in the art of rendering the home not only beautiful, but the essence of comfort. For the present generation the over-crowded rooms of tottering little tables, twisted sofas, and straight-back chairs with impossibly narrow seats, beloved of our grandmothers, hold no attraction. This style of furnishing may, perhaps, have engendered slow, dignified movements and upright forms, but in those days life was much less strenuous, and sports a mere incident instead of the heart-whole pursuit they are now. And, of course, nothing reflects more strongly the character of its owner than furniture and furnishing colour schemes. As with dress, far more individual taste is exercised than was the case of yore, an attitude of mind that no one plays up to more effectively than the firm of Williamson and Cole, Clapham. These people make a point of keeping their fingers on the pulse of the public, exercising at the same time their own unquestionably fine taste, aided by a practical knowledge that is unrivalled, the latter enabling them to conform to the daily increasing demand for furniture amenable to small houses and flats. They are veritable experts in designing and creating what is termed adjustable pieces, such, for example, as the "Ashford" settee, illustrated. This is an exceptionally comfortable affair, with deep, spring seat, and loose feather cushions, the one end adjustable, so that it can be converted into a reclining sofa. The length is five feet, which provides plenty of room without being cumbersome, and consequently renders it ideal where space is limited. As pictured, this settee is upholstered in "Amara" cretonne at 2*s.* 6½*d.* the yard, which can be had in an orange, gold, or reseda ground, printed with the artistic design shown. And so offered, the price is most exceptional at 14 guineas, or Williamson and Cole are prepared to cover the same in any specially selected material at a proportionate cost. A delightfully comfortable easy chair to match coming out at £7 19*s.* 6*d.* Two of the latter with the settee, augmented by two or three small chairs, would comprise the requisite sitting accommodation for any average-sized flat or maisonette drawing-room. For we have, happily, long outlived the craze for covering every available inch of floor space. Failing the facilities for a personal visit to High Street, Clapham, much that is illuminative can be learned from an exhaustively illustrated book issued by this firm, entitled *The Home Beautiful*.

The New Old Drury

THOSE who have viewed the new Old Drury must agree that the management have amply succeeded in their determination that, henceforth, Drury Lane shall be as supreme in comfort and attractiveness as it has hitherto been in historical associations. All the recognised experts in theatre decoration were invited to originate and submit schemes, and, having secured the contract, in open competition, by the merits of their colour schemes, Hampton and Sons immediately concentrated upon the work all the resources of their studios and workshops, with the result that the interior now presents to the eye a wealth of classic beauty and regal sumptuousness unsurpassed by any other theatre in the world, the colour scheme as a whole being remarkable for a richness never before equalled even by Hamptons. Throughout the entire house the carpets are of heavy pile Wilton, in a most attractive shade of petunia, taken from a rare and remarkably interesting antique Chinese rug. The other dominating colours of the scheme are pearl grey relieved with Italian pink and Wedgwood blue, in combination with bronze gilt to all the carved and modelled enrichments.

(*Continued on page* xii)



THE NEW DRURY LANE

The redecoration of the National Theatre is a veritable triumph of artistry in colour and sumptuous design entirely due to the ability of Messrs. Hamptons

—BUT IS IT WISE?

It is an easy matter to pay more for a nondescript pipe that never could give you a shillingsworth of real satisfaction—*but is it wise?*

It cannot be too widely known that the popularly priced "City-de-Luxe" at **5/6** is made by the same makers as the GBD—a world-famous production, and ***carries the same guarantee.***

The City-de-Luxe has a specially hardened briar bowl which prevents all risk of 'burning'; a specially fitted 'push-in' stem prevents all risk of 'faulty drawing'; careful boring ensures a 'free draught' and the high polish of the briar enhances the choiceness of the wood.

MADE IN 101 SHAPES

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The ideal Billiard in small, medium, and large size.

City de Luxe 5/6 (Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted, 6/6)

City Pipe, Silver Mounted 3/6

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Established 1860.)

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OPPENHEIMER'S
PIPE MAKERS TO THE WORLD

Preserve the Shape of Your face!

With the passing of years the shape of the face frequently alters because the muscles loose their elasticity. By means of Mme. Eve's simple scientific exercises these muscles can be made to contract, restoring the face to its original shape and banishing sagging cheeks, crows-feet, double chins, and wrinkles.

The exercises are simple, efficacious, and pleasant, yet occupy only a few minutes daily. Once learnt, they can always be used, with equally good results, throughout your life.

Hull.

Dear Madame Eve,

I want you to know how very much better I am looking —my cheeks are rounder and the **tired look about the eyes** *has gone. The wrinkles at the corners and under the eyes, which were the chief things I wrote you about, are* very, very *much fainter. Please accept my best thanks,* **for I know I look years younger.**

Sincerely yours,
A. E.

No Consultation Fee. *Call or write for new booklet, "The Preservation of Youth," giving full particulars.*

Mme. ELIZABETH EVE

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('Phone: Museum 3320.)

MADAME EVE'S Vanishing Cream, **2/9** per pot, in Pale Pink and White. MADAME EVE'S Toilet Soap, boxes of 3 tablets **5/-**

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TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

All that has been written in praise of the beauty of the house is a testimonial to the resources and artistic ability of Hamptons, who also were responsible for the entire repainting and redecorating.

Novelties in Washing Material

ACCORDING to the authorities—and that which they know is invariably right—washing radium silk is to surplant *crepe de Chine* for the better class of tub frock this season. This radium silk has rather more substance than *crepe de Chine*, while it is quite as cool, and with a white ground patterned over in a Chinese design of cyclamen pink fashions the daintiest, and at the same time most practical, chemise frocks imaginable.

Something very exclusive in fancy cotton *crepes* is responsible for a *chic* straight-up-and-down dress in a deliciously cool banana shade at Goochs, Brompton Road, S.W., the long graceful line of which is broken by narrow inset panels of horizontally tucked georgette in the same tone.

A 100 Years of Hats

For one hundred years now the firm of hatters, known as Henry Heath, Ltd., have supplied hats to all the best dressed men and women of the day, for from their early days they achieved a reputation for being in the vanguard of fashion and for supplying headwear that would always retain its distinction. The firm of Henry Heath has had the honour of hatting the heads of each succeeding Monarch during the hundred years that have elapsed between George IV and George V, and at the same time of crowning the heads of the community. On the occasion of this centenary they have extended an invitation to inspect their *salons* to all, and a visit to 105 Oxford Street, which has been reorganised and rebuilt to celebrate the event, where all the latest models of ladies' and men's headwear can be seen, will be fully repaid. Every visitor during the ensuing twenty-one days will be asked to accept an attractive volume entitled *One Hundred Years After*, by George R. Sims, which contains a most interesting history of the firm.

THE "GRAPHIC" CUP

This handsome trophy is being presented by the proprietors of "The Graphic" and is to be shot for at Bisley next month. It is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.1

"The Preservation of Youth"

Beauty culture is now an essential part of every woman's toilet, and it is to the expert on such matters that she naturally turns for advice and assistance. Mme. Elizabeth Eve, the well-known beauty specialist, of 17b, No. 55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. 1, is an established authority on all matters pertaining to the proper preservation of the skin, and her special toilet preparations should be in the boudoir of every woman who would retain the bloom of youth in her cheeks. These preparations consist of specially prepared toilet soap, liquid powder, vanishing cream, nail pomade, and special oil for the eyelashes, etc., this latter promoting their growth and greatly enhancing the beauty of the eyes.

Changes on the Great Northern

The Great Northern Railway Company announces that the through sleeping-car to Fort William on the 7.30 p.m. train from King's Cross, at present run on Fridays only, will, commencing May 22, be run each week night, except Saturdays; also that commencing June 1, a through carriage to Scarborough will be attached to the 1.40 p.m. Luncheon-Car Express from King's Cross each week-day.

ABOUT GREASY HAIR

BY A WOMAN CHEMIST

THIS very unpleasant state of hair seldom amounts to a defined disorder of the scalp, and is generally nothing more than a normal condition peculiar to some persons. It is rarely, therefore, that the condition can be cured, and the alternative then is to find a corrective which can be readily and conveniently applied.

Many women attempt to remove excessive greasiness from their hair by frequent wet shampooing with strongly alkaline preparations. Such preparations are not only extremely injurious to the hair, but aggravate the condition they are used to remedy by relaxing the already too relaxed gland of the hair follicles.

Others use powdered orris root as a dry shampoo, and, although this is an excellent means of absorbing the greasiness, the brushing-out process is so laborious that it is impossible for a woman to do it properly herself, and dull, dusty-looking hair is the result.

BAY RUM is recognised as a dressing for the hair of considerable value, but alone it does not keep greasy hair in good condition.

JANE HAMBLING—*the only woman chemist who specialises in cosmetic work*—has prepared a specially medicated BAY RUM which absorbs and removes greasiness from both scalp and hair. This preparation is very easily applied, leaving the hair soft, glossy, and faintly and refreshingly perfumed, whilst its aromatic properties have an invigorating effect on the scalp, and the growth of the hair is increased, and its colour visibly improved and brightened.

Bay Rum (Saponaceous), 3/6; by post, **4/-.**

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Sports Coat of fine wide ribbed Wool, cardigan shape, Scotch make; full fitting, light and warm. For out or indoor wear; finished pockets and buttons of wool. Colours:— Saxe, Rose, Fawn, Grey, Champagne, Canary, Brown, Sky, Helio, Black and White.

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THIS is the collar for young men who need new styles and older men who don't need old styles.

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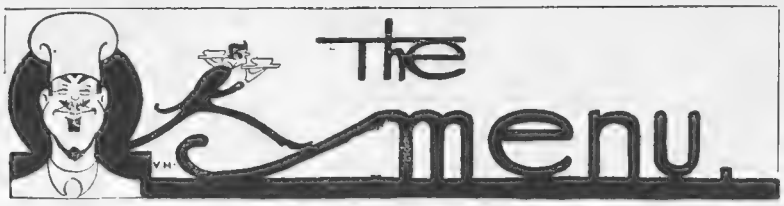


A DINNER FOR SIX

PLOVER EGGS
CLEAR SOUP
SALMON À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL
CURRIED SWEETBREADS
ROAST LOIN OF LAMB
NEW POTATOES SPINACH
ASPARAGUS
CARAMEL MOULD
MUSHROOM TOASTS

Plover Eggs

These are now in season and make a welcome hors d'œuvre. They should be boiled eight minutes, and then put into cold water in order to remove the shell without difficulty. They should be sent to table with brown bread and butter.

Salmon à la Maître d'Hôtel

Divide a piece of salmon into slices of half an inch, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the slices of fish in this on both sides. Place under a gas broiler and broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish. Spread maître d'hôtel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon-juice, salt, and parsley finely chopped). Serve, garnished with parsley or watercress.

Curried Sweetbreads (a White Curry)

Melt 2 ozs. of butter or margarine in a stewpan, add one onion, finely sliced, 1 oz. of flour and a tablespoonful of curry powder, fry well together. Add three-quarters of a pint of white stock or milk, by degrees, keeping it well stirred. When the sauce is nice and smooth add a dessertspoonful of desiccated cocoa-nut and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Cut the sweetbread into pieces two inches square and cook it in the curry sauce thirty-five minutes. Serve with boiled rice.

Caramel Mould (Cold)

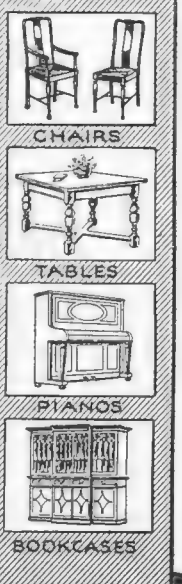
Put 1 oz. of castor sugar into a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water, and allow it to boil quickly until it becomes a dark colour. Pour the caramel into a dry tin, run it round the mould until thoroughly coated. When set, pour in the following: Boil one pint and a half of milk, add 1 oz. of castor sugar, some lemon-peel, 3 ozs. of ground rice, and pour the mixture into the prepared mould. When cold and quite set, turn out into a glass or silver dish, when the caramel will form a delicious sauce. Some fancy pastries should be handed with this dish.

Savoury. Mushroom Toasts

Mince ten large mushrooms fine, add pepper, salt, half a cupful of gravy and a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Stew the mushrooms in this till cooked, then pile them on some small rounds of fried bread. Sprinkle over them a little grated cheese, and put them under the gas broiler until slightly browned. Serve very hot.

EMILIA

RONUK
Furniture Cream is splendid!



It gives such a beautiful non-finger-marking and lasting polish, so easily and quickly, that you find your furniture looking brighter and better than ever before and yet you have more time for other things.

RONUK FURNITURE CREAM has the same clean and pleasant smell as RONUK FLOOR POLISH and in the same way POLISHES, PRESERVES, PURIFIES.

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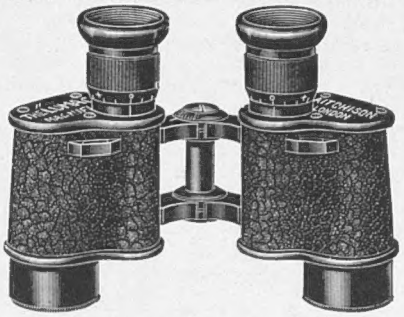
Made throughout in our factory in London.



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No. 1	Boiler, 11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0
,, 2	,, 11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0
,, 3	,, 11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0

GARAGE

	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
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,, 2	,, 25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
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Or same cubical contents.

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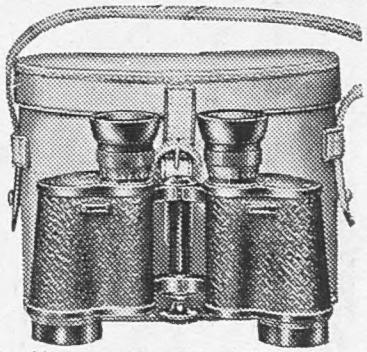

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P3

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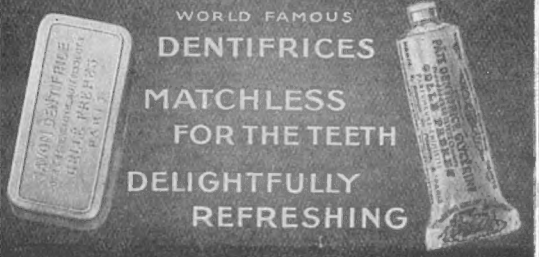

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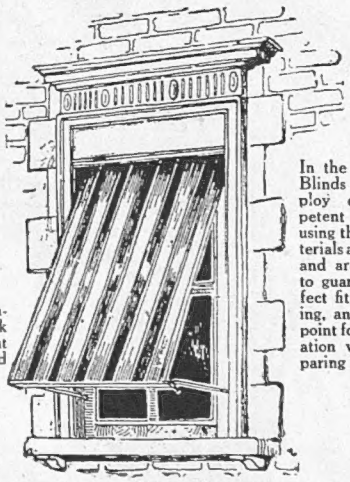

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